TENNYSON

ENOCH ARDEN

WITH

Life of author, Introduction, Remarks, Copious Explanatory Notes, Synopsis and Complete Paraphrase etc.

BY

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PREFACE

Enoch Arden is easily one of the best idylls of English literature. The entire theme of the poem is simple and ennobling, tragic and permeated with strains of joyous music right up to the end, and constitutes a wonderful symbol of true love whose course, as Shakespeare rightly pointed out, could never run smooth. The reader is confronted with one crisis after another while he is passing the various stages of the story with an expectant attitude of "What next?" It is not like one of the fictitious tales of *The Arabian Nights* wherein fancy and fact are so proportionately intermixed that the characters and events depicted by the author hold the attention of the reader for a while and then pass away into silence without contributing in the least to the moral and spiritual uplift of the individual. The story of *Enoch Arden* seems to revolve round the two basic principles which, according to the highest and noblest convictions of human race, explain the very existence of the universe, namely Love and Sacrifice. Philip sacrifices on the altar of Love what he loved dearer than his life, his ladylove Annie. In his character is personified the spiritual love of the rarest sort, the sense of love which keeps one alive and hopeful even in most depressing circumstances. Enoch follows later Philip in his devotion, the sublime affection for Annie. He is the hero of the play and as such he far surpasses Philip in his sense of love and sacrifices his life itself to the joy of his beloved. Annie looks like the goddess of virtue that is keenly sensitive to the genuine feelings of love with which Philip and Enoch

looked on her in tragic succession. Enoch held Annie's heart and continued to fascinate her mind till long after he sailed away to a distant land. Philip won her heart by his transparent sincerity, loving devotion and an almost celestial love that filled his heart.

Viewed through this perspective, the story of *Enoch Arden* would appear as an exquisite specimen of Tennyson's art in producing idylls.

H. CHATURVEDI

June 1, 1931

INTRODUCTION

His Life

1. "A guest arriving at a certain house in London, was awaiting his host in an apparently empty drawing-room, when a big, swarthy man in evening dress rose suddenly from the rug in front of the fire and growled out in a melancholy voice, 'I must introduce myself: I am Septimus, the most morbid of Tennysons'."

2. "Such was the amusing tale that Dante Gabriel Rossetti—lover of legends, past and present—used to relate with great enjoyment. Yet for all its absurdity it goes to the very root of Tennyson's personality; for the morbid strain of melancholy in the Tennyson family must be thoroughly reckoned with before we can understand the man. It lies at the very heart of his strength and weakness as a poet. It explains the strange querulousness that marks many of his poems dealing with religious subjects; explains the constant harping on theological difficulties, the pessimistic note that, the first *Locksley Hall* notwithstanding, rings through most of his social utterances; it explains also the very large proportion of poems expressing yet various shades of wistful meditation and regret. Along with this strain of melancholy was a strain of elemental vigour, inherent also in the rural stock from which he sprang. This characteristic, though familiar enough to Tennyson's friends, is less discernible in his writings, since, for reasons that will appear later, he was chary of giving it expression. But unless we remember it we shall not find it easy to understand how the man who wrote the sentimental *Idylls*, and chiselled with such laborious cunning and severe restrain the verse of *In Memoriam*, wrote also *The Northern Farmer*, *The Cobbler*, and *Rizpah*. No better all-round picture of Tennyson has ever been drawn than by Carlyle, whose genius for

which took place in 1833 and which exerted a great influence over the life of our poet. For sometime Tennyson began to live an altogether retired life and amused himself merely with the production of occasional verses.

The death of Tennyson's father in 1831 further increased his difficulties. The new rector allowed Tennyson's family to stay in the rectory for a short time, but ultimately the poet had to change his lodgings, and in doing so he had to move from one place to another.

At length Tennyson published his fresh volume of verses *The Poems* in 1842. This gained for him appreciation from several notable persons, including Dickens and Carlyle. The chief cause of this great popularity lay in several things. The new poems showed inspiration and expansion of thought. They dealt with problems of life and destiny and showe the poet's newly awakened interest in social and philosophic problems. In matter of style, too, there was a welcome chan These new poems showed simplicity of writing coupled w strength and beauty.

Tennyson's interest in women became responsible for the production of *The Princes* (1847). This book further added to the fame he had already gained. In 1850 he married Emily Sellwood and shortly afterwards was appointed Poet-Laureate. After this he published volume after volume of verses. *In Memoriam* came out in 1850, *Maud and other poems* in 1855. Tennyson also tried his hand at producing drama and gave to the world *Queen Mary* in 1875, *Harold* in 1876 anc *Beckett* in 1884. His last productions in verse were *Ballad* (1880), *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* (1886), *The Ancien Sage* (1885) and *Akbar's Dream* (1892).

In 1851 Tennyson made a tour in Italy. In 1852 his eldest son Hallam was born, and in 1855 he obtained the degree of D.C.L. from the Oxford University. In QIIR he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. He died on October 6, 1892.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Alfred Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809, at Somersby in Lincolnshire. At the age of seven he went to the Louth Grammar School. After some years he returned home to be educated directly under the care of his father Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, L.L.D., rector of Somersby. In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and there gained the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*. While at college Tennyson formed many friendships with persons who were, like himself, to be famous in later life. One of them was Arthur Henry Hallam whose death became the occasion of the composition of *In Memoriam*. His other friends were James Spedding, W. H. Brookfield, Milnes (later known as Lord Houghton) Fitz-Gerald and others.

From a very early age Tennyson acquired a taste for writing verse. As early as 1821 he wrote a long epic and in 1823 he brought forth a drama in blank verse. In 1827, along with his brother Charles, he published a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. This was a volume of a very slight promise but still gave some hope of better work in future. In 1839 he published his *poems: Chiefly Lyrical* which was his independent work. After leaving the college he published another volume of verses called *poems*. From this time began the success of his poetic career. In his *poems* were to be found excellent pieces like *The Lotus Eaters, The Palace of Art, The Lady of Shallot, A Dream of Fair Women* and others. Then followed a gap of ten years. Tennyson did not publish anything though he wrote a great deal. This silence may partly be attributed to his sensitiveness which made him suffer on account of the adverse criticisms of the Quarterly and the Blackwood. But a deeper reason is to be found in the death of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam

literary portrait-painting, despite humorous exaggerations, was unsurpassed.

3. "A man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of Chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos...... One of the finest-looking man in the world—a great shock of rough dusky dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow, brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes, cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe; we shall see that he shall grow to."

(*A History of English Literature Compton-Rickett.*)

His outlook on Life.

4. Tennyson's outlook on life was markedly different from that of other contemporary poets of English Literature. His philosophy of life sounds at some places as more oriental than occidental. Everything worked, according to him, through the invisible laws of Eternity. Life has its mission. Death is a mere change, a temporary change from one life into another, more complete, more divine and more congenial to the spiritual well-being of a man. Here in the following lines will be found an element of Tennyson's philosophy fused into his sense of cruel sorrow he suffered in the death of his beloved mate.

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd walks;
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

5. Here is another instance of Tennyson's almost oriental belief in Fate and transient existence in the world.

A Voice spake out of the skies
To a just man and wise—
'The world and all within it
Will only last a minute.'

(Then he suddenly is reminded of the realities of life and he says in the succeeding lines.)

And a beggar began to cry
'Food, food or I die'
Is its worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute?

Thus at places it looks most baffling to understand aright the ideals which permeate all the writings of Tennyson. In his celebrated poem, *Morte D'Arthur*, his ideas about the Law which guides all things in this life and hereafter are more explicit than in any of his other monumental works, and he



seems to be at his best when he describes his sentiments full of divine beauty in the following lines,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May he within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

6. Tennyson's faith would then seem to be very staunch in the Eternal laws. That is the keynote of his attitude on mankind, the evolutionary process or civilisation or the growth life. Anything that sought to disturb the orderly progress of human culture looked to Tennyson as a means of positive mischief to the weal of his fellow-beings. The poet clung fast to his belief in slow and gradual transition of things from one stage of their development into another. He shunned revolutionary changes. He hated them with all his might. He looked upon them as something alien to the Law which makes the whole universe go according to some fixed plan which in itself was full of some meaning for the good of the human race. Thus it was that while men like Coleridge went into raptures over the early episodes of the French Revolution, Tennyson characterised it as a phenomenon which is the outgrowth of man's misguided zeal and unrestrained frenzy. He saw no good in disturbances which upset the social fabric in one way or the other. It may be said that in this particular respect Tennyson symbolised the spirit of the average Britisher who shuns revolutionary changes in the social and political system but glories in effecting gradual and far-reaching changes in every sphere of life. He had no fond admiration for Napolean Bonaparte, the hero of the French Revolution.

Thus he wrote about him,

> "He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
> Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
> That island queen who sways the floods and lands
> From Ind. to Ind. but in fair daylike woke,
> When from her wooden walls,—lit by sure hands,—
> With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,—
> Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
> Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands."

His attitude towards Nature

7. "In considering the body of his work, some of his treatment of Nature should precede that dealing with his outlook on men and women.

Nowhere is the scientific perception to which I have alluded, more clearly shown than here No poet has ever been more sensitive to the varied loveliness of Nature; to the sensuous glory of things. Nature's most august moods are better interpreted by Wordsworth; her ecstasies more subtly felt by Shelley; but the varying and complex spell of her multitudinous moods as a whole has found no finer artistic expression than is given us in the verse of Tennyson. Accurate observation and delicate poetic feeling are happily blended.

He can give us large effects, as in this epitome of an autumn storm:

> "The last red leas is whirled away,
>
> The rooks are blown about the sky";

and the superb image of

> "Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound and foam";

or this, expressive of desolation:

> "He is not here; but far away

The noise of life begins again,
And gnastly thro' the drizzling rain,
On the bald tree breaks the blank day."

8. And he can impress us also with microscopic effects. Indeed, excepting Crabbe, no poet ever dealt with the *minutiae* of Nature so well as Tennyson. Could anything be more apt

Of the blasts
"That blow the poplars white;"
Of dark hair

9. He reminds with delicate emphasis, now that with the
"More black than ash buds in the front of March"?
coming of Spring, "rosy plumelets tuft the larch"; how autumn lays "a fiery finger on the leaves"; speaks of the dandellion as "the flower, that blows a globe of after arrowlets"; and notes with the eye of a naturalist, "the primrose of the later year."

Of the dragon fly:
(*A History of English Literature Compton-Rickett.*)
"A living flesh of light he flew;"
Of the sunflower, that
"Rays round with flames her disc of seed;"

His lofty Idealism

tion than touches such as these:

for combined accuracy of perception and beauty of delinea-

10. Tennyson is first and last an idealist. He sacrifices everything to his principles on life. He strikes at the very foundation of all eternal truths when he says,

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best.
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or the rolling

Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or
the pest!
Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the
heart's desire!
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam
of what is higher.
Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man
will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of
deathless fire.

11. Throughout the works of Tennyson one thus notices his deep love for the spiritual values in the life of man. Life without Faith is to him a meaningless term. The deviation from the path of truth, however trifle, appears to him as a departure from the truly civilised human life. He is a relentless critic of the corrupted systems that corrupt the social organisation. He is an apostle of the order of the coming era, as he perceives it through his very enlightened outlook on life, of intelligent brotherhood between man and man. The conflicts are the outcome of the indifference of the modern man towards the basic facts which are responsible for the existence of the universe. Indeed, amongst the contemporary poets Tennyson stands out for his unshakable faith in the laws which are eternal and which, in the eyes of an ordinary man, are most mysterious and mystifying. What is thus often a puzzle, an inexplicable enigma, to the average individual is the source of all inspiration and guidance to Tennyson. Therein lies all his greatness.

His ideas on Love

12. Like every other human virtue, Love, according to Tennyson, is not a freak of fancy but something that is ordered, evolutionary and subject to growth and development like a living organism. Contrast the ideas of Tennyson on Love with those of another modern English poet,

Could love part thus? was it not well to speak,
To have spoken once? It could not but be well.
The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil, brought the night
In which we sat together and alone,
And to the want, that hallow'd all the heart,
Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,
That burned upon its object thro' such tears
As flow but once a life. (*Tennyson*)

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13. While in Tennyson we find Love symbolising what best in the spiritual existence of man, in the latter poet Love omes sometimes as stealthily as wind does before dawn or with white lightning's sudden rending flash. In fine, the ideas of Love as embodied in the works of Tennyson are ennobling, inspiring and the "chiefest" elements of Truth.

His moderate success as a dramatist—Reasons

14. In so far as the development of his art is considered we have the following most illuminating extracts from Compton-Rickett, "Most of these drawings are from life, and are based on some fragment of speech attributed to the particular character: from the bone, the poet, like Professor Owen, re-constructs the animal. The dramatic power shown in these poems is further displayed when the poet drops dialect as in *Rizpah*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and *Romney's Remorse*; they are truely individualised as the earlier poems are not, and exhibit the passionate underside to Tennyson's nature . . . . No can he vitalise the more complex types of character as he ca his rough, simple folk. His brooding, reflective mind ca focus a single character, until he has visualised it clearly a distinctly; but a crowded stage confuses him; he cannot pa in a few, vivid strokes, and loses grip of his material. Th is good literary work in his plays, especially in *Harold*

Becket; and in the latter play, which in its subject matter suited his cast of mind best of all, passages of fine poetic beauty and situations of genuine power are displayed. But on the whole the dramatic form proved alien to his genius; he grows curiously stiff and formal when writing them, and carefully and thoughtfully as they are written, they lack life. Perhaps the secret of his failure as a dramatist lies in the fact that he started too late in life; his powers were set and fixed when he essayed them. He found himself wrestling with an unfamiliar technique. That he did not succeed is scarcely surprising; that he achieved even so moderate success as he did in Becket (thanks chiefly to Henry Irwing's genius), is a testimony to his perseverance, and to his general gifts as a literary artist In reviewing the whole body of Tennyson's work we cannot but feel that he is at his happiest and best when actualising for us the beauty of the visible world."

His conception of God and the Universe

15. Though in most writings we have a very clear notion as to what was the chief ideal or belief that filled the being of Tennyson, perhaps it is not brought forth so vividly, so charmingly, nay, even so bluntly as in the following lines,

(1)

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?

Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,

Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?

(2)

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,

For not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,

Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.'

———

16. The above lines on "God and the Universe" seem to be taken out of one of the classic works of Milton like *Paradise Regained* or *Paradise Lost*. The puritanic strain of Milton bears close resemblance with the lofty idealism that permeates the writings of Tennyson. The one thing that charaterises all the verses of Tennyson is his utter simplicity of expression and his unvarnished expressions of truth. In Milton while we sometimes get inclined to be overpowered by his sense of stern puritanic thought, in Tennyson the problem of the eternal verities or the solution of the riddle of the universe is couched in language most thrilling and enjoyable even according to the taste of the most ardent and merciless critic of literature. In fact, Tennyson stands unique in the galaxy of English poets for his power of expressing the most insignificant thing in colours that will give ecstasic joy to a man of very meagre tastes and education. His way to the happiness of the individual consists in the loving surrender to the will of God Almighty. So long as one can retain this catholic outlook and the willingness to bear "His yoke" mildly and without demur one may be always sure of securing the divine assistance in hours of distress and thus attaining supreme joy.

As representative of his Age

17. "1. In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not th transient contentions of the hour; but the broad results culture and experience upon the poet's English contempo ries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought p sued in some of those more important poems which deal w

the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouthpiece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era while in *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After* the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. The *Princes* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and condemns a spirit of aestheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men: while in *St. Simeon Stylites*, the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. The *Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam*, is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelness of Death. The poem traces the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, overshadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realization.

That all, as in some piece of art,

Is toil Co-operant to an end.

Maud is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which ended at the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's sole good" was the millionaire. The poem gives a dramatic rendering of the revolt of a cultured mind against the hypocrisy and corruptions of a society degraded by the worship of Mammon, though the hero inherits a vein of insanity and speaks too bitterly. The teaching of Tennyson's longest, and in many respects greatest poem—the spreading mischief of a moral taint—is discussed at length in the Introduction to *The Coming of Arthur and the Passing of Arthur*. Here too Tennyson expresses one of the deepest convictions of his time." (By F. J. Rowe, M.A., and W. T. Webb, M.A.).

His views on political development

18. Tennyson's views on the political evolution are based upon the conception of steady and gradual progress. He does not believe in short-cuts to freedom or to the attainment of rights of citizenship. He shuns the slippery and slopy paths of revolutionary changes in the government of any country. He thus firmly believes that progress in the political evolution of any community will be lasting and will prove of real utility only if it has been brought about by slow degress as a result of careful and earnest thought and consideration. Perhaps his own words carry his ideals to the reader the best.

We move, the wheel must always move,
Nor always on the plain,
And if we move to such a goal
As wisdom hopes to gain,
Then you that drive, and know your Craft,
Will firmly hold the rein,
Nor lend an ear to random cries,

Or you may drive in vain,
For some cry 'Quick' and some cry 'Slow'
But while the hills remain,
Up hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip,
Down hill 'Too-quick', the chain.

In short, the political ideals of Tennyson may be said to resemble the theories of modern Liberalism of England very closely.

The value of his works

19. The concluding portion of the brilliant essay on Tennyson in Compton-Rickett's *A History of English Literature* reveals in a most vivid and significant manner the religious outlook of Tennyson which in its turn gives a most illuminating and precise picture of the mind of the Poet-Laureate. "Tennyson's ethical thought inspires him more happily as a poet than does his metaphysics; for it takes him into a clearer and saner atmosphere; and his insistence on self-control, formulated in his beautiful poem *Cenone*, recurs again and again in his serious poetry. The categorical imperative in the soul of man, meant for him precisely what natural laws meant for phenomena in the world of Nature. Law and Order are for him rules of conduct: disorder is the antithesis of rational existence. He saw it disturbing the life around him, and loathed it. And so, he also held fast to those elements in life that made for stability. Aquiet, dignified, orderly existence —such was Tennyson's ideal, and he used all the resources of his gracious art to impress its value on men's minds.

20. He is the poet of discipline, not the poet of freedom. This fact impresses us in all his work, whether dealing with religion or with politics. It inspires his classical poems, and animates the Idylls and Dramas. Arthur is a great man because he stands for law, and Harold is great because he strove to make "jarring earldoms" move "to music and order"; while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* he becomes almost hys-

terical in his horror of lawlessness and license. Tennyson's point of view is certainly valuable as a corrective to the anarchic tendencies in life and literature; but it is not productive of the greatest poetry. Compromise may be an excellent rule of conduct, but it does not thrill the imagination. It is a pleasant thing to sail in peaceful waters and hug the sheltering coast; but life after all is a great adventure, and little would be accomplished were there no intrepid idealists, willing to stake their all on a forlorn hope, or a wild peradventure. It is good to cry out for more reverence; it is better to strive for ampler progress. Temporary harm, momentary disorder must be incurred by the social reformers who would renovate society. The very sanity and vigour of life depend on the men who dare the splendid, impossible things, for as Browning said, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp—or what's a heaven for?"

Yet, it is ungracious to leave Tennyson on this note of criticism. If his philosophy of life is not a great and inspiring one, yet it has its place in the scheme of things; and we may supplement its message by the more tonic teaching of Browning and Meredith; while of Tennyson's work as a literary artist, and as a painter of English life, no lover of beautiful verse could speak too highly. As a word-painter of typical English scenery, as the exponent of simple emotions of everyday life, he holds a treasured and honoured place. His delicacy and crystalline charm, his dignified and melodious utterance, will always endear him to English men and women".

21. Thus did Tennyson leave an indelible mark in the history of English literature. He was simple in his expression, grand in his ideals, devoted to the doctrines of Law and Order in the Universe, a lover of Nature and men and women, an adept painter of scenes and sentiments of everyday life and as he said himself, "I am Septimus, the most morbid of Tennysons".

A CRITICAL REVIEW ON ENOCH ARDEN

In *Enoch Arden* Tennyson has showed his art at its best. He has given us an idyll which fills the mind of the reader with an "idyllic felicity" as he reads it from page to page, nay, from line to line, or, from one word to another. It is simple and yet entrancing. Some of its characteristics are remarkable both for their originality and completeness in the description of the various episodes of the plot.

A. Religious sentiment

Tennyson has weaved the entire plot with the subtle background of religion. Religion is not thrust upon the reader's attention. It is like the spreading branch of the banyan tree which simply adds to the grace and strength of the props it rests on. When a man is in deep despair or doubt he begins to look to God Almighty for guidance. Annie Lee was in a mood of bitter perplexity when she sought divine assistance, or to use the significant and beautiful words of the poet himself,

"At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the Holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under the palm-tree'. That was nothing to [illegible]
No meaning there: she closed the Book and s[illegible]

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:"

The hero of the poem, Enoch Arden, is clothed in religious garb in a very skilful manner. See Tennyson's description of the man,

"Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Al'tho a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom."

and again,

* * * * * * * * *

"And fear no more for me; for if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds."

* * * * * * * * *

Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

* * * * * * * * *

It is the faith of a very sublime type that characterised the life of Enoch Arden and which makes him appear as a man with a celestial halo around him. Even the minor character of Miriam Lane is not free from the colour of religious sentiment. She had to practice self-control, a cardinal feature of Tennyson's religious philosophy, when she suddenly came to realize the identity of Enoch Arden, or as the poet says,

"As the woman heard
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, see' your bairns before you go!"

B. The Continuity of the theme

From the beginning to the end the poem is one long continued piece of episodes which are intertwined in a very subtle manner. There are no abrupt endings in the course of the narrative. The reader's eyes glide softly over the lines while his mind is prepared to receive the succeeding events in a pleasant suspense. This characteristic of the poem is in keeping with the philosophy of Tennyson who longed to see gradual changes being evolved in everything human. All characters likewise show a continuity of the ideals of the poet with which he has so magnificently endowed them. They are all religious God-fearing people and are ever-ready to sacrifice their comfort to the weal of others.

C. Duty and tragedy

If one had to sum up the character of Enoch Arden it would be done best under the caption, "Duty and Tragedy". Enoch gloried in doing his duty. The vision of coming poverty over his family distressed him sorely. That drove him his household, from his dear Annie and little children to seek fortune in China. His sense of duty, again, enabled him to do an act of supreme sacrifice on his return home. And yet, with all the sacrifices that Enoch willingly underwent, he died in miserable solitude, or, as he remarked pathetically,

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself
Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl

So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

D. *Simplicity of feelings*

There will indeed be few idylls which could compare with *Enoch Arden* in the simplicity with which the feelings and emotions of various characters are enshrouded. The style is throughout very simple to add to the dignity of the simplicity of feelings which dwell in the innermost recesses of the heart of any human being. The expressions used by Tennyson are singularly apt and charming. A few illustrations may not be out of place here,

"While in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth"

* * * * * * * * *

"Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion:"

* * * * * * * * *

"There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little."

* * * * * * * * *

"And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

Four crisis in the story—

1. The marriage of Enoch and Annie.
2. The moment when Enoch sails away to China.
3. The marriage of Philip and Annie.
4. The return of Enoch to his nativeland.

The above four crisis sustain the entire theme of the story. One episode ends with one crisis and the other begins and thus a sense of unity is kept till the very end.

Story of the Poem

The story of the poem may be summed up thus. Once upon a time, in a small port, there played three children who belonged to three different families, Enoch Arden, Philip Ray and Annie Lee. They came to the port everyday and amused themselves by playing the game of keeping a house. Annie Lee always acted the part of a housewife while Enoch and Philip became masters of the house according to their turns. When the children came of age their hearts were stirred by feelings of passion and youth and rivalry. Annie loved Enoch and liked Philip. Philip came to know of his lot and felt bitterly disappointed. Enoch and Annie were married. They lived a happy and prosperous life for seven years. Enoch then suffered a misfortune. He broke one of his limbs while climbing a mast. He became inactive and helpless. One master of a ship came to Enoch's resque. He offered him a place on his ship which was going to China. Enoch seized this opportunity, and, in order to change his fortune, he sailed away to China in spite of all the entreaties of Annie. He reached China safely and earned some money by trading there. Then he returned home but on his way his ship, *Good Fortune*, was wrecked. He saved himself by floating on a broken mast for sometime and then he was thrown by the waves on an island. He lived there for ten long years leading a life of miserable solitude. He was a God-fearing man so he survived that dreadful state of loneliness. Then a ship called at that island to get water and the crew saw Enoch and felt pity over his wretched plight and took him home. Enoch, on his return, took shelter in a small inn in his native-port. Miriam Lane, the innkeeper, told him the story of what had happened to his family in his absence, how Annie Lee became very poor by losing in trade, how Philip courted her to get her out of her misery, how Philip and Annie were married, and how they lived happily after their marriage and how they were

blessed by a child. Enoch heard it all and then went to see his erstwhile wife and family in their new home. He saw there in the house of Philip all the sights of merriment and domestic happiness. He returned to the inn and prayed to God to help him to keep Annie happy by not telling her that he had arrived back in the port. He kept to this resolve till he died of a very lonely feeling a year after. He revealed his identity to Miriam Lane just before he died, and, ere he did that, he made Miriam swear on the Bible that she will keep his identity a secret till his death. Then he gave messages of love to Annie, his son, daughter, and Philip through Miriam Lane. Thus a life of incomparable sacrifice was brought to an end in the death of Enoch Arden.

CONCLUSION

True to the ideals of genuine Christianity Tennyson has shown in the above poem that

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

There is also a dominant note of beautiful idealism that shuns all vain and trifling events of life and loves to imbibe all that is truthful, nay dutiful in life.

Or, as a poet has well said,

"I slept and dreamt
That life was beauty.
I woke and saw
That life was duty."

A SYNOPSIS OF ENOCH ARDEN

Lines.

1—10.

The place where the different events of the story occurred is described.

10—36.

On the sea-beach three children belonging to three different families played together. There names were Enoch Arden, Philip Ray, and Annie. Their favourite game was "keeping a house".

37—60.

When they came of age the instinct of love began to work in their hearts. Enoch and Philip both tried to win the love of Annie. Enoch succeeded but Philip failed. Enoch then made a home for Annie and thrived in his trade.

61—79.

What really made Philip aware of his fate in the struggle to win Annie's love was an incident which he saw while they had all gone to gather hazel-nuts in the wood. He felt himself a broken-hearted man.

80—100.

Enoch was blessed with two children. He wished to give them a better upbringing than Annie or he had enjoyed. So he worked hard to amass a little fortune. He came to be known throughout the port.

101—127.

Then his circumstances took a change for the worse. He broke his limbs by an accident and lost his trade. He began to imagine the coming poverty and destitution in his family

and sought means to avert that. Then the master of a ship on which he had served came to his rescue and asked if he would like to serve on his ship that was going to China.

128—147.

Enoch eagerly took up the suggestion of his old friend, the master of the ship bound for the eastern country. He began to imagine that that will end his days of woe.

148—156.

Though Enoch had made up his mind about his voyage he did not have the heart to break the news to Annie.

157—167.

Annie strove hard to dissuade Enoch from undertaking that venture. She, however, failed despite her entreaties and tears. Enoch kept firm in his resolve.

168—182.

Enoch sold his boat and made a little shop for Annie. Then he grew very tired and slept soundly till sunrise.

183—200.

In the morning he bravely faced the ordeal of departing from his lady-love and children. He implored Annie to look bright ere he bade her Good-bye.

200—216.

Annie fell into a sort of a trance. And then she said to Enoch, "I do not think I will be able to see your face again."

216—237.

Enoch then asked Annie to have faith in God who i omnipresent. Then he bade his wife Good-bye and takin his bundle set out on his voyage.

238—259.

Under the advice of Enoch, Annie tried to watch th boat through glasses wherein he was to pass. She tried see Enoch but failed. She carried on the business in her lit shop but did not thrive.

260—284.

The third child that was born to Annie grew very ill and then died in spite of the best care showered on him by Annie. Seeing Annie in a state of acute grief, Philip, her old friend, one day called at her house to console and help her.

284—312.

Philip gave Annie his suggestions of practical help to her to lighten her grief and poverty.

313—340.

After some hesitation Annie agreed to accept Philip's help who simply wanted to educate her children and look after them as if they were his own.

Then Philip put Annie's son and daughter in a school and gave her all sort of possible help.

340—359.

Philip, however, could not fathom aright the sense of gratitude which filled Annie's heart. He was so very affectionate to Annie's children that they forgot all about Enoch gradually.

359—380.

Once Annie with her children went to the hazel-wood. The children implored Philip to accompany them and he too went. She reached the spot where she had fallen in love with Enoch and she seemed to faint to see that spot.

381—394.

Philip was also reminded by that spot how he felt the blow when he found himself a gilted person. Then he induced Annie to give up her grief.

394—418.

Philip gave his proposal to Annie that she should marry him and thus end her days of poverty and sorrow. He re-

minded her that he had been loving her for a longer time than she was aware of.

419—436.

Annie thanked Philip warmly for what he had been doing her and asked for a year's time to consider his proposal .

437—468.

Philip said he agreed to Annie's suggestion. A year passed away. Annie made Enoch wait another six months.

469—485.

The people in the port began to gossip idly about the relations between Philip and Annie when they did not marry.

486—506.

Annie then prayed to God to give her some sign to tell her what had happened to Enoch. She saw a dream and felt convinced that Enoch had ascended the region of Eternity.

507—533.

So she married Philip. She felt mysteriously unhappy after the wedding. Then she was blessed with a child and all those peculiar misgivings of hers seemed to have vanished into thin air.

534—549.

Enoch, in the meantime, was on the high seas returning home and had his ship wrecked. He lay afloat on the sea for sometime and then was stranded with two of his companions on board the ship in an island.

550—559.

The island had ample means of living. So these thre stranded friends built a hut there for themselves.

559—566.

His two companions died one after the other. Eno then read in the deaths of his two friends the warning fro God to wait.

567—595.

The activities and life of Enoch are described in these lines graphically. Enoch looked and looked but saw no sign of any boat coming towards that island.

596—618.

Sometimes he used to brood over his life in his native-port and brought to his mind all his past associations. He even heard the pealing of the bells in his parish and felt so desperately lonely that but for divine assistance he would have died.

619—662.

Thus he thought and brooded over his past life when suddenly his lonely life in that island was brought to an end. A ship, driven by contrary winds, came to his island and the sailors landed to get water for the ship. Enoch showed them the place where clear water could be had from a spring and then he grew friendly with them.

He spoke with them and told them the history of his life. The crew took pity on him and after raising a subscription amongst themselves for him they took him to his native-port and landed him there.

663—685.

When Enoch got down in his port, he did not speak to anybody but walked direct to his home. He found his home deserted and began to wonder if Annie was dead.

686—695.

Then he travelled towards an inn which he knew very well. There he found that the owner of that inn was dead but his wife still lived.

696—712.

Miriam Lane, the owner of that inn, told Enoch the different events of the ports and side by side she told him the

ory of the life of Annie and her marriage with Philip.

13—726.

Then Enoch felt deeply inclined to see Annie. His desire to see her was as strong and as suicidal as is the flight of an insect against the lamp that consumes it finally.

726—753.

Enoch reached Philip's house and stood in his garden. From the garden he saw sights of the happy family life of Philip with his (Enoch's) erstwhile wife, Annie.

754—766.

He was thunderstruck when he saw Philip in his place. He was afraid that he might not unconsciously raise a cry which may shatter all the happiness of Annie.

767—787.

So he stealthily and with great courage slipped out of the garden. Then he prayed to God to give him strength to bear his sufferings calmly.

787—794.

Then he went back to his lonely home in that inn and vas constantly repeating to himself the words, "I must never et her know. Never."

794—828.

He was not altogether unhappy. His determination, his faith, and his prayers enabled him to withstand that grief. He did not like to live a beggar's life. He did all sorts of things to earn a living and excelled in everything. But his heart was broken, his ambitions blasted . So he fell ill and saw in his approaching death his redemption.

829—869.

Then he called by his side, Miriam Lane, the owner of that inn in which he lived, and after taking an oath from her on the Bible that she would not divulge his secrets til his death, he gave away his identity. Miriam was strongl

tempted to bring Enoch's children to him but she desisted from doing so as she was bound by a solemn oath.

870—896.

Enoch asked Miriam not to let out the secret but allow him to keep up his resolve. He then gave messages to Annie, his daughter, his son, and Philip through Miriam Lane. He then asked Miriam to give that curl of hair to Annie which belonged to the dead child so that she may become convinced that it was no other but Enoch.

897—901.

While he lay dying he opened his eyes for the last time and repeated his messages to everybody. Miriam promised to convey them.

901—908.

Three nights after this episode, Enoch rose from his slumber exclaiming, "Away I go. Away I go. I have been redeemed." Then he fell again on his bed and became speechless.

909—911.

Thus passed away Enoch Arden, a strong and chivalrous soul. People had never before seen a costlier funeral in the port than his.

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ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:

'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about':
When, if they quarrell'd Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpness wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A careful in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
And all men look'd upon him favourably:
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,

Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade,
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand to mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
'Save them from this whatever comes to me.'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fi[illegible]
And isles a lig[illegible]
When he was [illegible]
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd

(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly, little one,—

Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;

But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this? and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it

With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd, for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.

And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favour that I came to ask'.

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,

And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and everyway,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years'
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd

To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
'Come with us, Father Philip' he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—

Their voices make me feel so solitary'.

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of his creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
'You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved
A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried,
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while

If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!' Philip sadly said
'Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
'I am bound: you have my promise—in a year
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'
And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?' she ask'd.
'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again:
Come out and see.' But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice

Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds,
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her:

No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once'.

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sailed
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape

And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.

They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait'.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hill-

They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house,
His babay's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost;'
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,

Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man came to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.
  He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

  And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.
  'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

  There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

  He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore

Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought
'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,

Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last.'
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.' At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.' Enoch said again
'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,

Saying only 'See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years.
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,

That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised
Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad

Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

ENOCH ARDEN

PARAPHRASE

Lines.

1—9.

A hollow has been made where the long rocky precipices have broken up and it is filled with foam and yellow sands. A little further up there can be seen round a narrow bank a group of houses with red roofs. Then there is a church that is falling down. A little way higher up can be seen a street which slowly winds its way to a mill that has a big tower on its top. Next you will find behind the mill a very high gray-looking mound on which are found the graves of old Danish people. There is a hazel-wood where people go to collect hazel-nuts. It thrives plentifully in the hollow of the mound that has the appearance of a cup.

10—22.

One hundred years ago, three children belonging to three different families used to play here on this beach. Annie Lee, one of them, was the most beautiful girl in the port; Philip Ray was the only son of the miller, and Enoch Arden, who was the son of a common sailor that had lost his life by the sinking of his ship in the storms that rage round the shores of Britain in winter. These three children played in the refuse and broken bits that lay near the shore, namely, hard old ropes, dirty-looking nets of fishermen, anchors that had worn-out flukes, the boats that had been drawn ashore (as they were useless). They used to build castles of sand which ran out as fast as it was gathered and they loved to watch the castles overflowing with water, or they built the castles so high that

the breakers touched them. Every day they thus played and left their little footprints on the sand which were daily washed away.

23—37.

There was a narrow cave that lay below the cliff. It was in this cave that the three children played the game of keeping a house. One day Enoch would be the host and another day Philip Ray would play the same part, and Annie was always the housewife in the house. At times it so happened that Enoch would keep the possession of the house continuously for one week and say, "This is *my house* and Annie is *my wife*". Philip then used to retort, "They are *mine* as well". And if ever they quarrelled Enoch would remain the master of the household as he was the stronger of the two in physical built. Then Philip's blue eyes used to get flooded with tears as he was unable to do anything else. He used to cry out with anger, "Enoch, I simply detest you." And when Annie saw Philip crying helplessly in this way she used to cry out of sympathy and asked them both not to quarrel on her account as she said she would be a "little wife" to both of them.

37—60.

But when the spring of the happy days of childhood was gone and both Enoch and Philip felt the warmth of the coming youth they felt greatly attached to Annie. Enoch then spoke of his love to Annie, but Philip was content to love Annie without letting her know about it. It appeared as if Annie had greater sympathy towards Philip than towards Enoch, but, in fact, she loved Enoch. She herself did not know that she loved Enoch and if anybody had asked her, "Do you love Enoch?" she would have flatly denied it. Enoch had one ideal fixed before his eyes all the time—to save up as much money as possible, to buy a boat of his own, and then to make a comfortable home for Annie, his ladylove. And

he thrived so well in his trade that there was no sailor, who cou[illegible] the skill by [illegible] any miles aro[illegible] the fiery breakers. Just so, if only he had served for one year on a ship carrying merchandise he would have become a first-rate sailor. He had saved thrice the life of people who were being drowned in the frightfully sweeping waves of the sea. So everybody liked him. And before he was twenty-one years of age he was able to buy a boat of his own and he also made a home for Annie. The house was clean and comfortable and lay half-way up the street that went up to the mill.

61—79.

Then once young boys and girls, who were enjoying a holiday, went on a bright golden evening of autumn to gather nuts with their bags and sacks and baskets of all description. Philip did not join the company but stayed for an hour near the bed of his ill father who wanted his help. But as he went climbing on the hill, he saw Enoch and Annie, sitting with their hands crossed in each other's, just on the spot where the projecting part of hazel-wood was spreading on the hollow. He saw Enoch with his large white eyes and his face that was beaten by many storms. Both Enoch's eyes and face were shining by a sort of quiet and holy fire that burns in a place of worship. Philip looked at both Enoch and Annie and their looks told him that he was the gilted lover. Next as Enoch and Annie drew their faces close to each other's, Philip sighed with grief and stepped aside, and like a person who is grievously hurt he slipped down quietly into the hollow of the forest. He experienced there the bitterest grief of his life all alone while all were busy making merry or gathering nuts. Then he got up and went home with a thirst for love in his heart that time could not destroy.

80—100.

So Enoch and Annie were married amid the merry ringing of the bells in the church. They lived most happily and the years sped by. For full seven years they enjoyed prosperity and health. They loved each other and earned an honest living. They were blessed with children. At first a daughter was born to them. And as soon as the child was born, a desire was born in the heart of Enoch to save up as much money as possible so that he may be able to give her a better education than either his wife or he himself had the fortune to enjoy. This noble wish of Enoch became all the more intense when, two years after, a son was born to him who was the happy image of the best ambitions of Annie and she looked at her son whenever Enoch was away on the stormy seas or when he was journeying towards his home. Indeed, Enoch's white horse, the spoil that he used to bring from sea, the net that smelt like the water of the ocean, and his face which had grown rough and red by a thousand storms beating on it in the wintry seas, were known not only as far as the market-cross but also in the lanes full of leafy trees behind the hill and as far as the big gate on which rested the statue of a young lion and the town-hall near which was carved a peacock made of a yew-tree. People of all these parts used to get their food for Friday from Enoch alone.

101—128.

Then there was a change in the life of Enoch as everything in the world changes. The narrow harbour opened out into wide expanse some ten miles towards the north. Enoch used to go there sometimes by land and sometimes by sea. Once when he was there and was climbing on a mast in that port he unfortunately had his foot slipped and he fell down. One of his limbs broke and he had to be carried by other people. And while he was thus lying ill on bed and gaining his health very slowly a child was born to him. That child

was a sickly child. In the meantime, another man had gained monopoly over his trade and thus deprived Annie and her children of the means of living. And even Enoch, who was a sober and steady man with unshakable faith in the bounty of God, being thus thrown out of work began to be filled with sadness and mistrust. He seemed to have been haunted by the horrid visions of his children being led into worse and worse forms of poverty. He also imagined painfully that his wife was becoming a pauper. Then he prayed to God, "O, God, no matter how cruelly I may have to suffer, kindly do save my wife and children from such a dreadful fate." While he thus lay on his bed praying to God, the captain of a ship, in which Enoch had served once, heard of the sad plight of Enoch and came to see him. The captain knew Enoch very well and esteemed him for his many qualities. He said to Enoch that his ship was going to China and he was in need of a boatman. He inquired of Enoch if he would like to serve on his ship. There were many weeks before the boat was to leave the port and he asked Enoch if he would like to have a place in it. Enoch at once agreed to go and he felt happy that his prayers were at last answered.

128—147.

Thus the sight of misery now appeared to him no more dreadful than the sight of a cloud that cuts across the path of the sun and thus throws a faint light far away on the sea.
Thus he thought,
Then he thus lay
elling his boat and
ke to part with it.
The boat had been his greatest friend on the stormy seas many a time. He knew his boat as a horseman knows his horse. Still he thought of selling the boat and then with the money he thus secured he would buy all kinds of things and put Annie in charge of those things which are mostly needed by

sailors and their wives. Thus he planned that Annie should look after the house as long as he was away. "Why should he not trade himself in the port?", he thought. Then he argued like this, "I will go abroad once or twice more, perhaps, I will go thrice at the most. Or I will go out as often as necessary. At last, I will return a rich man and then with a large trade I will reap big profits and will lead a comfortable life. I will have all my children well-educated and then I will enjoy a peaceful life among my own people."

148—156.

In this way then Enoch made up his mind and he saw Annie returning home with her pale face nursing the sick child who was the last to be born. She rushed quickly towards Enoch with an exclamation of joy and she put the weak child in the arms of Enoch. Enoch took the child in his arms and touched affectionately all the limbs of his babe. He judged its weight and showed all fatherly affection. But he could not muster up enough courage to tell his plan to Annie. So he waited till the next morning when he told his purpose to Annie.

157—167.

Then Annie disagreed with the wishes of her husband for the first time since her marriage. Still she did not dispute with her husband in any unpleasant manner the desirability of his taking the voyage. She made many entreaties, shed many tears, and kissed him many a time and requested him most ardently to change his mind at least for the sake of herself and her children—she had thought that nothing but evil will come out of it. And Enoch, on his part, let her requests go unheeded as he was doing all that in the interest of his three children and his wife alone. Thus though he was sad he saw his way through.

168—182.

Enoch then parted company with his boat which had

been his friend on sea all these years. He bought goods for Annie and made her a store and then with his own hand he fitted up nicely his sitting-room which looked towards the street with a shelf and made quite enough room for the goods and stores that he had bought for Annie. So Enoch worked all day on the last day when he was to live with Annie. He was shaping and shaking the nice little cabin while cutting wood with various kinds of instruments and fixing it in proper places. While the cabin was in the making Annie saw in it the figure of her destitution rising with the most uncomfortable noises that rang her house till it was completed. Soon Enoch, having made the cabin as neat as the arrangement of Nature in a garden, showed how clever he was as he had made it all in a very narrow space. Then he felt very tired after working till the very last for Annie and so enjoyed a very sound sleep till sunrise.

182—200.

Enoch looked very bright and brave when he had to face the most unpleasant duty of bidding farewell to Annie. All the misgivings of Annie, whom he loved so very dearly, amused him very much. Still just because Enoch was a God-fearing man as well as brave so he knelt himself down in prayer, and, in that moment when man feels in tune with the Infinite, he prayed to God to bless his wife and his three children whatever might happen to him. Then he spoke to Annie thus, "By the grace of God Almighty this voyage of mine will bring good fortune to all of us. Keep your hearth clean and also let there be bright fire for me as I will return home, O dear girl, even before you expect me." Then he gently rocked the cradle of his sick child and said, "And this weak little sick child whom I love all the better for all that will be blessed by God. So when I will return he will sit upon my knees and I will tell him stories of foreign countries and will make him happy. Come on, Annie, come on and look cheerful

before I bid you Good-bye."

200—210.

She thus heard him talking hopefully in this strain and she began to hope herself in spite of her deep-rooted misgivings. But then when Enoch began to talk of more serious matters and slipped into the manner of sailors and told her of the value of faith in God, Annie looked like one who hears and yet hears not. She did not hear and yet listened to the words of Enoch like a village-girl who after putting her pitcher under some spring begins to think of her lover who formerly helped her at the spring to fill the pitcher with water and thus musing she fails to hear the sound of running water though she is constantly hearing it and lets the water overflow.

210—225.

At last she spoke thus, "Enoch, you are very sensible but in spite of your wisdom I know it well that I shall not be able to look at your face any more". Enoch replied, "All right, then, I will look on your face. O Annie, the boat by which I am sailing (he gave the name of the day as well) will pass by this way. So you must get the sailor's glasses and then look at my face and laugh at all the misgivings that are tormenting you at the present moment." But when the last moment came when Enoch had to say Good-bye to Annie he said, "Annie, my dear girl, be cheerful, be consoled. Look after the babies and see to everything nicely till I return as I must now go abroad. Do not entertain any more fear about me. Even if you be afraid then think of God and surrender all your cares to Him. When everything will fail you He will not. Do you not see God there where I am going? If I go to those parts, Can I go away from Him? Whose, after all, is the sea? It is His. It is His."

226—243.

Enoch then rose from his seat and threw his strong arms around his wife who was drooping with sorrow and then he

kissed his little children who looked at him with surprise. He did not, however, kiss the third sick child in his arms who lay sound sl[illegible] fever. When Annie [illegible]d her not to disturb [illegible] to remember that incident at all. So he kissed him in his cot. But then Annie cut a small curl from the forehead of that baby and gave it to Enoch. Enoch kept that little curl with him in all his remaining days of life. At last he took up his bundle quickly, waved his hand and then went on his way.

When the day arrived which Enoch had mentioned to Annie, she borrowed a glass from somebody to see the boat of her husband but it was all in vain. It may have been due to the fact that that particular glass did not suit her eyes, or it was because her eyesight was not very bright and her hands were shaking with emotion. Anyway Annie did not see Enoch while he stood on the upper part of the boat waving his hand and so his boat passed out of sight.

244—259.

Annie looked at the sails of the ship till they seemed dipped entirely in the ocean and then she left the place mourning for him. Then she felt as sorry for Enoch as if he were dead. Still, in spite of her great sorrow, she determined not to act against the wishes of her husband She, however, did not prosper in her business. She was not used to trade and hence she lacked the cleverness to sell a thing at a particular suitable price. Neither did she know the art of telling lies necessary in trade. She did not know when to ask for a high price and so always accepted less. In spite of her losses she continued to think like this, "If I do not do this what will Enoch say on his return home." For many times it so happened that when she was reduced to bad circumstances she had to sell her articles for less price than what she had paid for them. She thus failed in her business and felt [illegible]

disappointed when she knew it. And, in this way, she passed her days in the hope of receiving the news some day that Enoch had returned home but she never received that glad news. She was hardly able to maintain herself and spent her days in a grief that she could not disclose to anybody.

260—269.

In the midst of all this misery the third child of Enoch who was ill since his very birth grew worse and worse as he grew older though Annie attended to him with all the motherly affection she could. In spite of it all, however, either because Annie could not look after the child because she was frequently called away by business, or because he was not administered the sort of medicine and care he needed, or because Annie had not enough money to send for expert medical aid,—for some reason or another—the child lingered on for sometime and then like a bird shut up in a cage he quietly left the body.

270—283.

In that very week when Annie buried her son, Philip's true love for Annie which impelled him to seek peace for her —Philip had not even looked at her since the moment that Enoch sailed away—gave bitter pangs to his heart and made him think that it was too cruel for him to have stayed away so long from her. Philip said to himself, "It is undoubtedly my duty to call on her at the present moment and perhaps I may be able to console her a little." So he went to see Annie. He then passed through the lonely room in front of the house, then he waited for a while at an inner door and then he knocked thrice at the door, and when nobody came to open it he himself entered the house. At that time Annie was overpowered with her own grief since she had freshly returned after burying her dear son and so was found seated quietly. She did not like to see any human face and so she at once turned her face away towards the wall and began to weep.

Thereupon Philip stood up and spoke in very halting accents, "Oh Annie, I have simply come to demand a favour from you."

284—312.

He said thus, but then he felt very much ashamed when Annie said in reply, "Do you seek favour at the hands of a person so unfortunate and destitute as I?" Still, without waiting to be asked, while he was struggling between the feelings of shyness and delicacy, he sat down near Annie and said, "I have just come to tell you the wish of your husband, Enoch. I have been always saying that you chose for your husband the one who was better of us two—one who was a strong man. Once Enoch loved a thing he had the ability to do all that he could do for it and spared nothing. Even on his long voyage he set out for no other purpose but this—he wanted to strive to his utmost to please you whom he loved so ardently. Why otherwise could he have thought of leaving you so desperately alone? He did not go out to have the pleasure of seeing the world. It was simply to attain his wish to give a better upbringing to his children than he or you had enjoyed with the money that he brought from his foreign travels. And if he comes back home he would be very sorry to find you thus wasting the precious hours of morning in mourning for your child. Nay, it will indeed trouble Enoch very much even in his grave if he were to know that his children are running about wildly like colts and have had no advantage of good training. So, Annie, now you should accept my request. We have known each other long enough and I most earnestly request you not to turn down my request even for the sake of the love that you cherish in your heart for Enoch and his offsprings. After all, it should not matter in the least. When Enoch comes back he can pay me back, if that be your desire. Moreover, I am a fairly prosperous man. Please let me put the boy and girl in school.

This is the only request that I came here to get fulfilled by you."

312—319.

Then Annie, with her face turned towards the wall said, "I cannot look you in the face. I look very silly indeed and am a broken-hearted person. When you came in my house my sorrow crushed me under its weight all the more. Now it is your benevolence that breaks me down in pieces. Enoch lives. That hope keeps me alive. He will certainly pay you back. Indeed he can pay back money alone and not the kindness of the kind you are offering me at the moment."

320—327.

Philip then asked, "Then, Annie, will you allow me to help you?" At this Annie turned her face towards Philip. She got up. She looked on him with streaming eyes. She looked attentively for a moment on the benevolent face of Philip and then blessed him. She caught him by the hand to show her gratitude in as passionate a manner as she could and then took him in the garden. Philip felt very happy in his heart and walked away to his home.

328—340.

After that Philip put both the girl and boy in a school and bought them necessary books. He was as kind to them in every way as one is to one's own people. He denied himself what he held most dear to his heart simply for the sake of Annie—he did not go to her home to talk to and comfort her lest the people in the port may start gossiping about their relations. Still he used to send gifts to children, like garden-herbs and fruits, the different kinds of roses, or cones from the hill. Sometimes by the pretext of showing Annie how fine the mill ground the flour he used to send flour. He did not wish to make it appear in the least that he was doing that out of charity. The flour belonged to the tall mill that whistled all along the coast that was barren.

341—358.

Philip, however, was not able to read aright the mind of Annie. Annie, being completely overwhelmed by her affectionate heart and a sense of limitless gratitude, was hardly ever able to express her deep appreciation through one or two indistinct words. Philip was no doubt everything to her children. They used to run from distant corners of the street to reach Philip to give him sincerest greetings of theirs. These children felt themselves masters of his mill and house. They worried Philip for petty things or grievances just to please their fancy and Philip was quietly pleased to hear them. They [illegible] in his company and called [illegible] began to win their affec- [illegible] their minds. Enoch began to appear to them as uncertain or unreal as a vision or a dream. He grew in their minds as faint as a figure passing out in the end of an avenue early in the morning when the rays of the sun are dispelling all fictitious figures. Ten years passed away since the time that Enoch had sailed away from the port. Time went quickly and still no news of Enoch was heard.

359—368.

Once it so happened that Annie's children were very eager to go with other children to gather hazel-nuts in the wood and Annie was willing to accompany them. Then the children begged to have with them Philip too whom they always called Father Philip. They went to the mill where they found him covered with flour and dust like a bee shrouded with the dust of blossoms. And when they said to him, "Come with us, Father Philip", he refused to accede to their request. But when the children plucked his clothes imploring him to accompany them, he laughed and quickly agreed to fulfil their wish, particularly because Annie was with her children. And so they all went to the woods.

369—380.

But just as Annie had covered half the way to that h and reached the spot where one corner of the wood was pr jecting towards the hollow, she could not move any furthe (This was the spot where Annie and Enoch fell in love wit each other). She sighed a sigh of grief and said, "Let me res here awhile." So Philip sat down with her to rest comfort-ably. In the meantime, the children raised cries of joy and went away leaving Annie and Philip behind. They made great noise as they went past the hazel-trees, which had grown white, rushed down the hollow and then they ran in different directions. Either they bent or broke the slender and yet strong branches or tore away bunches of brown leaves. They shouted to each other and made the wood echo with their cries.

381—394.

But Philip while sitting by the side of Annie forgot her and began to brood over that sad day of his life which he had experienced in that very spot of the wood and which had made him feel himself a very injured person and had impelled him to slip aside into a solitary place. At last he lifted up his forehead beaming with honesty and said, "Annie, listen, how very merry are the children in those woods. Are you tired?" Annie was sitting absolutely dumb all this while and hence Philip inquired of her thus. He repeated the query, "Are you tired, Annie?" But Annie became so depressed that she put her face on her hands. When Philip saw this he felt a little annoyed and said, "The ship was wrecked. Do not brood over it any more. Why are you so stupid as to kill yourself with grief for that inevitable result and make your children also feel that they are no better than orphans?" Annie replied, "I quite forgot about it. Nevertheless, I cannot say why but I do feel dreadfully lonely when I hear their sounds in the woods."

395—418.

Then Philip came closer to Annie and said, "Annie, I have had for a long time an idea haunting my mind and it has been tormenting me incessantly. I do not know how I came by it or when it first entered my mind but I know well enough that you must know it sometime. O Annie, it is simply hopeless and there is not the remotest possibility that the man who left you as long as ten years ago should be breathing still. That being so, let me express my sentiments. I simply feel grieved when I see you so poor and destitute. And I cannot help you in the way I should like to help you—I can quite imagine that women are pretty quick in knowing the secrets of the heart of man and so I am inclined to believe that you already know what is in my heart—without your becoming my wife. I would most willingly like to be the father to your children. I certainly think that they looked upon me as their father. I also love them as I would love my own. Moreover, if you did become my wife we might be as happy as anybody else, inspite of your sufferings of the past several years. Just consider what I have said. You know I am quite prosperous. I have no relations to look after and no worry. I have, in fact, no other burden on me except it be yours. My worry also consists in worrying for you and your children. We have known each other all our lives and I have been loving you for a longer time than you are aware of.

399—436.

Then Annie answered, speaking in a most delicate tone, "You have been to us like an angel of God. May God bless you for your kindnesses to us. May God reward you for all that by bestowing on you His princely gifts. You surely deserve to be rewarded with something better than what I am. Can a person love two souls? Can I bestow on you the same affections as I did on Enoch? What is really your wish?"

Philip replied, "I am quite happy to be loved a little less than Enoch." Annie looked like one deeply affrighted and said, "Dear Philip, wait a moment. If Enoch does return, perhaps he will never come. Still wait for a year more. It is not very long period. Indeed I will grow a little wiser than what I am. Just wait for a short time more." Then Philip said in a very sad tone, "Yes, Annie, since I have waited all my life I can afford to wait for a little while longer." Annie cried out, "No, I have given you my word. You may rest assured on that. And will you just promise to abide by this promise as I have promised to."

443—448.

At this juncture both became dumb. They both remained quiet till Philip looked up and saw the red lustre of the setting sun passing down from over the Danish grave which lay a little distance further up. Then he feared that Annie may not catch chill, and, considering that nightfall had approached, he rose from his seat and shouted to the woods below. As soon as the children had heard the sound of Philip, they came up running with all that they had gathered. Then they all went down the port and when Philip had reached the door of Annie, he stopped and putting his hand in Annie's said very gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you you were taken in your moment of weakness. It was my mistake then to have availed your weakness. Now I say that I am always bound to do what you wish but you are perfectly at liberty." Thereupon Annie burst into tears and said, "I am also bound to you."

449—468.

She thus spoke to Philip. And it appeared to her as if it had been only one moment of her life while she did all the household work and kept on thinking on the last words of Philip, that is, "I have loved you for a longer period than you are aware of." Then one autumn passed into another au-

tumn—a year rolled away—and she found him standing once again before her eyes asking her to fulfil her promise. Annie asked Philip, "Has one year passed?" Philip replied, "Yes, surely, a year must have gone by if the nuts in the woods may be ripe again. Let us go out and see." But then Annie put him off again thinking that she should look into so many things before actually marrying Philip. A month's time she wanted. She knew perfectly well that she had entered into a sort of solemn agreement and as such one month's time to think out the details was not much. When Philip knew about it his eyes shone with a hunger of love that nothing could quench and with faltering accents like those of a drunkard he said, "Annie, you can take your own time. Decide the time you may like best." When Annie heard these pathetic words of love-stricken Philip, she would as well have cried out of pity for him. Nevertheless, she kept on delaying the hour of marriage through utterly incredible excuses and thus she sorely tried the sincerity and power of endurance of Philip until another six months had rolled away.

469—485.

When it happened like this, all idle people who were fond of fetching and carrying tales felt that their anticipations of sharing the festivities of marriage between Philip and Annie had been belied and so they became as much annoyed as if they had been hit personally. Some people thought that Philip merely trifled with the womanly instincts of Annie. Some thought that Annie was delaying to marry Philip because she wanted to win the affections of Philip in a more intense form. There were some other people who laughed both at Philip and Annie, and considered them as foolish people who did not know even their own minds. There was, however, one particular man who harboured in his mind all sorts of vicious designs like so many eggs of serpents and began to attribute to both Philip and Annie even darker things.

Annie's own son was quiet though he often showed through his looks that he did wish his mother to marry Philip. But the daughter always pressed Annie to marry the man. Philip, whom everybody loved so dearly and thus raise the family from out of the state of acute poverty. Meanwhile, the rosy face of Philip grew increasingly careworn and haggard, and all these tales of the port hurt him very much.

486—505.

In the end, it so happened that Annie could get no sleep one night and she began to pray to God to give her some sign on the question, "Has my Enoch really gone away never to return?" Then, surrounded as she was on all sides by the shroud of darkness of night, she could not bear the fear of the answer that she sought to receive and so she rose from her bed and lighted a match. Then she, in a desperate plight, caught hold of the Bible and opened it wide to get a sign from God. She quickly put her finger on the text of the Bible and found her finger on the words, "Under the palm-tree." She could make nothing out of it. She saw no meaning in it. So she closed the Bible and went to sleep. No sooner had she slumbered than, surprisingly enough, she saw Enoch sitting on a high ground under a palm-tree and the sun was shining over his head. Annie then thought, "Enoch has really gone away. He is quite happy. He is singing hymns in praise of God. The sun that is shining is the sun of Truth. The palms that I see are the palms which were scattered about by the people when Christ entered Jerusalem and they sang, Hosanna in the highest." At this moment she woke up from her sleep. She made up her mind and sent for Philip and said with a wild joyous feeling to Philip, "I see no reason whatever why we should not get married." Philip answered, "Then for the sake of God and for our sake let us marry rightaway."

506—533.

So Philip and Annie were married and happy bells were

rung in the church. Annie's heart, however, knew no joy. She could not say from where but she did feel a man walking side by side beside Philip. Then she heard a whisper in her ear and she could not say what it was. She was so very sensitive to these mystic signs that she could not stay alone at her home nor did she like to go out alone. There was something that made her feel miserable even before she entered the house of Philip. She was slightly afraid to go in and her hand looked as if it was trembling while on the latch of the door. Philip believed he knew what the matter was. He thought that such things are very common with women who are expecting a child. And as soon as a child was born, she felt as if she had received a new lease of life with the birth of her child—all her old doubts and fears having vanished into thin air. Then Annie became her normal self and she began to look upon Philip as everything to her, the old mysterious imaginings having disappeared altogether.

We shall now see what had happened to Enoch. He had sailed happily in the ship named Good Fortune, though soon after the beginning of the voyage in the Bay of Biscay she was forced by the storm to sail eastward. The ship was badly shaken and it seemed at one moment that it would hardly survive. Still she was unhurt and went past the torrid zone and then doubling the Cape of Good Hope through all kinds of weather she travelled again through the tropical parts of the world where the rays of the sun fall straight and make everything hot. She was then aided by the tropical winds and reached the golden islands and took rest in an eastern port.

533—549.

In that part of the world Enoch began to trade solely by his own efforts and he bought from there peculiar monsters to sell in his home. He also brought a gilded dragon as a toy for the babies. His return voyage was less fortunate.

At first he took his ship through many good seas for many days. The boat hardly rocked and she rode majestically on the waves with its bust full in view. Then she entered the region of calms and then variable winds began to dash on her face which rocked her violently for a long way. At last such storms came that she was driven into regions where moon could not be seen and the breakers dashed on it and then there was a crash. Every one on board the ship was drowned except Enoch and two other men. For half the night they managed to keep afloat with the aid of broken spars and other pieces of ship floating on the water. They were thus floating aimlessly on the sea till they came on land in an island in the morning. They felt gifted but they were the only souls in that lonely expanse of water.

550—567.

In that island there was no dearth of things which keep man alive. There could be found fruits, big nuts, and very nourishing roots of trees. Nor was it difficult to catch helpless wild animals. It was only the instinct of pity for those tame birds that dissuaded one to catch them. There Enoch and his friends built a hut in a gorge in the mountain facing towards the sea. They thatched it over with palm-leaves. The hut looked partly like a hut and partly like the cave of natives. Thus they lived in that island of plenty comparable to Eden. Summer was found there all the year round. Still they were happy and yet discontented.

559—595.

One of them, the youngest, who was scarcely more than a boy and who had hurt himself badly in that terrific night of storm, lay on his sick-bed lingering and spent five years in a kind of living death and then expired. Both Enoch and his friend could not leave him alone behind. When he died, Enoch and his friend found a broken stem. Enoch's friend who did not care much for his life began to make a hollow

in that stem as Indians do, and, in so doing, he was attacked by sun-stroke. So he died and Enoch was left alone. In the deaths of his two friends Enoch read the warning of God not to hurry through but to wait.

He used to see there the mountain densely covered with forest right to the very top, the grassy plains, the valleys that were so high that they looked like so many ways to Heaven, the crown of spreading leaves shading from above the top of thin cocoa-nut trees, the bright light of an insect and of one bird, the gorgeous sight of tall convolvulses that twined round the majestic stems of trees and spread as far as the eyes could reach, and the grandeur and beauty of that broad part of the world. But the thing he would have loved to see he could not see, the human face beaming with kindness. Nor did he ever hear the voice that brought sympathy to him. He certainly did hear the unpleasant notes coming from millions of sea-fowls that wheeled over his head. He also heard the sound of the breaker that broke against the reef which spread for miles and miles. He heard the slowly-spreading rustling sound among the tall trees that thrived plentifully there, the sound of the rushing stream as it went past to join the sea-waves. As he strolled on the sea-beach or as he sat down in the hollow amongst the mountains that faced the sea he was like a sailor that had been cast on sea after a shipwreck and who waited for a ship to rescue him. He watched from day to day but no boat did come within his sight. All he could see was either the sight of sunrise which presented a picturesque appearance as it shone through the palms with light deflected into forms of arrows amongst the leaves and high steep rocks. He saw the shining light upon the water of the sea as the sun rose in the east. He also saw the light of the sun creeping on the island at the top and the glamour upon the water in the west of the sea. Then he saw the great stars that spread in circular groups in the sky. Then he also heard the resounding sound of the water of th

night as it struck the land. Lastly he did see again the light of the rising sun coming like so many arrows through the trees and precipices but he never could see any sign of a boat.

596—608.

There as he lived watching sights, or appeared to be watching them, he always had the golden lizard in front of him. It was like a sight made of many varied sights that moved before his mind's eye. Or it was perhaps he himself who brooded over things and places and people that he had known in an island far away from the equator in the temperate region. He could visualise the children, their prattle, Annie, his little house, the street ascending on the hill, the mill, the lanes overshadowed by trees, the pea-cock carved out of the wood of yew-tree, and the solitary Hall. He also remembered the horse he used to drive, the boat that he had sold away, the chilly November mornings and the dawns that became indistinct through the darkness of dew, the soft showers, the scent of the decaying leaves, and the deep slow sound of the seas that wore a leaden appearance.

609—617.

Similarly once he heard resounding softly in his ears in a very pleasant manner the notes of the church-bells coming from afar from his home. Then he suddenly felt startled, he knew not why, and when he saw again the beautiful and yet hateful sight of the island he was stranded upon, he would surely have died owing to his dreadful lonely state but for the inspiration he received from God Almighty in his dejected heart. God is everywhere and those that seek to hold in communion with Him never feel lonely.

618—662.

Thus while Enoch's hair had turned gray one year passed fter another with its summer and rainy seasons. His desires nd ambition to see his own people and live once again in the

holy familiar fields had not died out when his days in that lonely isle unexpectedly came to an end. Like the Good Fortune, another ship that wanted water was blown away from her real track by the strong winds and she had to cast anchor near this island which she did not know anything about. Because when the officer that was second-in-command saw early *in the morning* the water silently falling down from the hills in this island covered with mist through a break, he sent a party of crew to find it out. The sailors filled all the shore with great noise as they went rushing in all directions to seek water of some stream or fountain. Then they saw Enoch stepping down the gorge of the mountain with long hair and a long beard. He looked very lonely [illegible] in appearance. He scarcely looked like a human being [illegible] dressed was he. He was talking in a very [illegible] way and looked *like a fool. He appeared to have* [illegible] and he spoke to the sailors what [illegible] understand. Still he showed the way to the [illegible] them to the place where they could find [illegible]. And [illegible] he mixed with the people of that [illegible] he seemed to have regained the language [illegible] for such a long time and [illegible] them. When the sailors [illegible] Enoch told them the story [illegible]. His story was hardly believed [illegible] ship at first, but they believed [illegible] more and more. They [illegible] and everybody who [illegible]. They gave him clothes [illegible]. Quite frequently he [illegible] his solitary habits. [illegible] his native-place and [illegible] to get. The voyage [illegible] overmuch because [illegible] journey on sea. [illegible]

idle wind and return till under a moon that was enwrapped with clouds like a lover he inhaled draughts of the morning breath of the meadows covered with dew that came from England and that blow across the white chalk cliffs that encircle the shores of England and present a ghostly appearance. That very morning the officers and men took pity on Enoch who looked so lonely and raised a subscription for him amongst themselves and gave it to him. Then they took the ship near the coast and let Enoch land in the very port from where he had sailed away.

663—678.

When Enoch reached his native port he did not speak a single word to any one but wended his way home straight. What kind of home did he now possess? Had he a home left? Still he walked to his old home. That afternoon was very sunshiny but it was very cold till the time came when a fog rose from out the sea and passed into the whole place around making everything look gray. It crept into the two harbours through the openings in the high steep rocks. He then could not see the big road that lay in front of him and he could see on either side of him only patches of ploughed lands and meadows. The bird, robin, was piping loudly on the tree that was bare of leaves and seemed very unhappy, and as the fog settled on the leaves it brought down the dead leaves with its heavy weight. The darkness increased as the fog became denser and denser and fell on the ground drizzling. At last, just as it seemed to him that he was brought face to face with a light that was enshrouded by thick fog, he reached his home.

678—712.

Then he walked down the street very stealthily with great fear in his heart. His eyes were fixed on stones and he reached his home where Annie lived and showed great affection to him and where seven years they lived a happy married life and were blessed with children. But he found there no

sign of light or any human sound—he could see a notice through the drizzling fog that the building was put up for sale—and so he moved even more slowly thinking. "Is Annie dead? Or is she dead to me alone?" Then he threaded his way down a small lane and then by the side of a narrow wharf in order to find out an inn which he knew very well in days of old. He thought that it must have fallen down as its front was made of timber in a very old style. It was so badly supported and was eaten by worms and was very very old to justify the misgivings of Enoch. But only the owner of the inn was dead. The widow, Miriam Lane kept on running the house with her profits daily diminishing. Once upon a time it used to be the favourite place of seamen that filled it with merry shrill sounds. Now it was a very quiet place with still some beds for people who could not find a home in the port. Enoch took rest there for some days.

But Miriam Lane was a good and talkative lady. She did not let him remain alone to himself but spoke to him very frequently and told him all the story of his house along with the history of the doings of the people in the port. She did not know at all that it was Enoch himself who looked before her so brown, so bent down and so utterly ruined. She told him about the death of his sick child, the way how Annie grew increasingly poor, how Philip put her children into a school, how he kept on educating them, how he courted Annie for a long time, how Annie gradually came to give her consent to the marriage, and how Philip and Annie were ultimately married and blessed with a child. There was no sign of any emotion or any change in Enoch's face while he listened to that story. Anybody who saw him at that time might well have thought that the listener was less touched by the events of the story than the teller. It was only at the end of the story when Miriam Lane said, "Poor old Enoch was shipwrecked and died," that Enoch shook with sad emotion his grey head and said repeatedly to himself in a half-audible

tone, "Thrown away in the sea and died." And again he whispered with deeper emotion and said, "Lost indeed."

712—737.

But Enoch simply longed to see once more the face of Annie and thought, "Perhaps I should see her face once again just to know that she is happy." This thought troubled his mind incessantly and gave him no peace and finally impelled him to go to the hill, when it was evening and the twilight was dim as it was a very dull day in the month of November. There he sat down and kept on looking on everything that spread on all sides below him. He was then reminded of a thousand past associations which flashed across his mind and which filled his mind with sadness too great to find expression in words. Slowly Enoch was allured by the red squared light that burnt cheerily and sent its blaze far around from the rear of Philip's house. Enoch was as greatly attracted by the light that came from Philip's house as does the bird of passage that gets fascinated by the light of a blazing lamp and in its mad pursuit after it dashes headlong against it and perishes in that attempt.

727—737.

For the house of Philip was in the very front of the street and was the first house in the direction of the land and behind that house there was a little green garden which was square in shape and hemmed in by walls from all sides. There was one small gate in it which opened out towards the waste-land. In that garden there grew an old evergreen tree, a yew tree, and all round it there was a walk made of pebbles gathered from the sea-shore and then there was a walk that divided the garden. Enoch, however, avoided the central walk and crept slowly to the side of the wall behind the yew tree and from there he saw a sight which he should better have not seen if one could at all imagine the extremely distressed state of his where sorrows lost all degrees of comparison.

738—753.

There he saw cups and silver articles spread on the table and shining bright. The fireplace looked very gay and on its right side he saw Philip, who once upon a time was only a gilted lover, now grown fat and ruddy and was holding his child in his knees. Then there was the girl who was bending over her adopted father and who, though born later than Annie Lee, looked taller than her and her hair were fair. She was dangling from her lifted hand a piece of ribbon to which was tied a ring to tempt the small child who raised his fat wrinkled arms to catch it but missed it everytime and thus caused amusement to both Philip and that girl. And on the left hand of the fireplace Enoch saw the mother who looked affectionately towards her child and also looked frequently to her grown-up son that stood near with his fine physique and tall size. She was telling him something that pleased him as he was seen smiling.

754—766.

Now when the man, who was considered to be dead by his people owing to his long absence, became alive once again, he saw his wife who was no longer his wife, Annie's baby that was not his offspring and which was playing on the knees of his father (Philip), all the joviality, quietude, love, his own children who had grown tall and beautiful, and also saw him (Philip) who had become the master in his place and had gained all his rights, nay even the love and regard of his children. At that moment, inspite of the elaborate description he had heard of all that from Miriam Lane, Enoch nearly fainted and every fibre of his body seemed to have shaken. It was natural because things known through the ear are not so dreadful as when seen through the eye. He was holding the branch of the tree and felt terribly afraid that he may not unconsciously raise a shrill cry of grief unbearable and thus destroy all the happiness of that home.

767—787.

He therefore turned away from there like a thief. And lest the pebbles he trod underfoot may make some noise he found his way by feeling the wall of the garden all along. And lest he may be found if he should faint or stumble in the way he walked very very slowly to the gate of the garden and then opened and closed it as gently as does the man who comes out of the room of a sick person. He then came out upon the wasteland.

There he would have liked to bend himself down in prayer but his knees seemed to have failed him at that moment. So he simply fell forward on the sand and digging his fingers in the same he prayed to God, "O God Almighty, it is getting unbearable. Why was I carried to that place? O Thou blessed Saviour of mine who helped me in that solitary island, help me a little while more in my extremely lonely state. Give me strength that I may never let Annie know anything about what has happened. O God, help me not to disturb the happiness of Annie. Let me not speak the history of my life even to my children. Oh shall I never speak to my own children? They do not recognise me. I should be untrue to myself if I do that. I will never do that. I will never share the happiness of a father when he is kissed by his children. The girl who is so very like her mother and the boy, my own son, will never kiss me considering me as their father."

788—794.

Then suddenly his words, his thoughts, and his disposition came to a standstill for a while and he lay as if in a trance. But when he rose and walked towards his lonely home once more and as he strolled down the long and narrow street he had all the time these words flashing past his mind as if they were the words of a favourite song, "I must not let her know about it. I must never let her know it."

795—828.

Enoch was not altogether uncomfortable in his mind. His determination kept up his spirits and [illegible] unshakable faith. And above all, Enoch's [illegible] God Almighty rose from his soul like a fountain [illegible] that made him suffer cheerfully all the [illegible] kept him alive. He said to Miriam once, "[illegible] wife about whom you spoke no fear [illegible] be living still?" Miriam replied, "Yes, [illegible] her husband. She has had plenty [illegible] if only you told her that you saw [illegible] give her additional joy." Then Enoch [illegible] wait and abide by the will of God [illegible] will know all about it. He did [illegible] so he started doing some work [illegible] able to do anything he liked. [illegible] fishing boats. He acted as a [illegible] fishermen. He also helped [illegible] meagre goods used in trade [illegible]

He thus earned a [illegible] had to work only for [illegible] and did not make him [illegible] man to live life. Thus [illegible] the day that Enoch had [illegible] peculiary indifferent [illegible] gradually increased [illegible] able to move from [illegible] from his bed. Enoch [illegible] i joyous spirit and it [illegible] o looked at a boat [illegible] is mised him life [illegible] it Death that was [illegible] th the whole drama to a [illegible] ry

5

829—869.

For though Death was approaching fast he saw in it a bright fulfilment of his hopes and he thought like this, "When I will be no more, Annie will at least know that I loved her unto the last." Then he called aloud Miriam Lane to his side and said, "Lady, I have a secret to tell you—but you will have to take an oath before I will let you know it and you will have to swear on the Bible that you will not let out this secret until you see me die." The good woman shrieked with horror and said, "What, see you die? Fancy what you are talking about. I do guarantee that I will bring you back to health." But Enoch said again, "You must swear on the Bible". And then Miriam took an oath on the Bible though she was half scared to death. Then Enoch rolled his bloodless eyes towards Miriam and said, "Did you ever know Enoch Arden who lived in this town?" She replied, "Did I know *him*? I knew him perfectly. I remember him coming down the street with his head erect and he cared for nobody." Enoch, then, answered Miriam slowly and tragically, "He is depressed at present and lies uncared for. I am *that* man and I do not think that I will live for even three days more." At this Miriam gave a sort of hysterical cry and seemed to believe Enoch and yet not believed him and said, "Are you Arden? Really, are you? No, that cannot be. He was a foot higher than you are." Enoch added again, "My God has made me as low as I am. My sorrow and my lonely condition have crushed me under their weight. In spite of all that, however, you should know that it was I who married, though her name has been changed twice, the girl that married Philip Ray. Sit down and listen to my story." Then Enoch told her the story of his voyage, how he was shipwrecked, his solitary life on the island, his return home, his sight of Annie Lee, his determination not to wreck her sweet home life, and the way how he kept up his resolve. As Miriam heard it all a stream of tears rushed through her eyes as she was very gentle in dis-

position and there grew a great urge in her heart—that was interminable—to go quickly all over the port and declare to the people where Enoch was and what had been his sufferings. But she could not do that as she was afraid and pledged to keep the promise. She only said to Enoch, "You must see your family before you die. O Arden, let me bring them hither." And then she left her seat to go and bring Enoch's family to him, for while she said this Enoch seemed to have fallen in a fit of hesitation. But then Enoch replied her.

870—896.

"O Lady, kindly do not disturb my peace when I am so near my end. Allow me to keep up my resolve. Sit down once more. Just observe me and understand me while I yet can speak a few words more. Now I entrust you with the mission to tell Annie when you may see her that while I died I had nothing for her, in my mind but prayers, blessings and love. Excepting the obstacle that separated us I loved her just as dearly at my end as I did when she first kissed me and gave me her heart and love. Please tell my daughter whom I found so very like my wife, Annie, that I spent my last moments of life in blessing her and in praying for her. Please tell my son too that I died showering blessings on him.

Please tell Philip too that I blessed him when I died. He did not mean to us anything except good. But if my children may want to see me when I am gone, though they did not know me while I was alive, let them come to see me because I am their father. Annie, however, should not come because if she sees my dead face that will mar her happiness ever after. And now there is only one left who belongs to my blood and who will embrace me in the next world. This curl that I hold in my hand belongs to him. Annie cut it from his locks and gave it to me. I have always kept it with me for so many years and I had thought that I would carry it with me to the grave. But now I have altered my mind

for I think I will presently see my dead boy enjoying supreme happiness. So when I am dead, please take it and give it to Annie. It may give some consolation to Annie. Moreover it will be a proof positive to her that I was Enoch and no other.

897—901.

Enoch then ceased to talk. And as Enoch lay dying Miriam answered very loudly promising to do all he wanted her to do. So he looked with great effort once again on Miriam and repeated everything that he said before and again Miriam promised to carry out his last wishes.

902—908.

Then when three nights had passed after these incidents and while he lay sleeping with pale and motionless countenance and Miriam was watching him and dozing at intervals, a terrific sound came from the sea and it resounded in every house of that port. Enoch then woke from his eternal slumber. He rose. He spread his arms forward and shouted, "Onward and onward. I am redeemed." Then he fell back again and became speechless.

909—911.

Thus passed away a brave and chivalrous soul. And when Enoch was buried, the people of the little port had never seen before a more costly funeral.

ENOCH ARDEN

NOTES

1. *Cliff*—a high steep rock.

Breaking—broken up in one part.

Left a chasm—have made a hollow in between; have created a kind of a loch so commonly found on the shores of Great Britain.

2. *And*—this shows the poetic way of emphasising on certain points in the narrative.

And .. sands—the gorge or the hollow in between the steep rocks was filled with the foam of sea-water that ran in along with yellow sands. This is a very common sight in the borders of Scotland.

3. *Beyond*—a little further way up; some distance away from the gorge.

Red roofs—roofs appearing red owing to the red tiles that covered them.

About—on all sides of; round about.

Wharf—the bank of a river. The red-roofed houses were seen on the bank of the river that flowed through the chasm into the sea.

4. *In cluster*—in groups; built close to each other.

Then—then the thing that catches the eye.

Mouldered—dilapidated; crumbling; decaying.

And higher—and as you go higher up on the hill.

5. *Climbs*—rises slowly; ascends.

Tall-towered—which has a lofty tower on it.

A long. . . .mill—a long street rises slowly to the mill with a lofty tower on its top.

6. *And high in heaven*—it was so high that it appeared to reach the sky.

(This is a specimen of poetic language which always describes things in exaggerated language. Just to impress on the mind of the reader that the mill was very high the phrase is used, "And high in heaven.")

Behind it—at the back of the mill.

A gray down—a small mound or hill that is covered with patches of grass that lend it a grayish appearance.

7. *With*—covered with.

Danish barrows—the graves of the Danish people that were usually covered with small mounds or hillocks according to the Danish rites of burial.

Hazelwood—the wood in which hazel-trees abounded. The hazel-tree yields a nut that is of light brown colour.

"The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day;
Hope played within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay."

8. *Autumn nutters*—the gatherers of nuts from the hazel-tree that came there at the beginning of autumn.

Haunted—came to; frequented.

Flourishes—thrives; is seen in splendid condition.

9. *Flourishes green*—is seen in a most thriving state; is thriving plentifully.

Cuplike hollow—the hollow that looks like a cup. The poet seems to compare the hazel-wood to a flower-plant that

is seen thriving in a vase and is well-looked after.

Down—the small hill covered with sand.

NOTE.—In the above nine lines the poet describes the scene in a most vivid manner and these introductory lines will be found in keeping with the strain used in the ensuing story of Enoch Arden, that is, it is simple, saddening and yet charming.

10. *Here*—in the place described above.

Beach—sea-shore.

11. *Three homes*—three children who belonged to three different families. Enoch Arden, Philip and Annie Lee belonged to three different families and it is round these three characters that the poem is hinged.

12. *Damsel*—a pretty girl; an affectionate term for a girl of charming disposition or appearance.

The prettiest—Annie Lee was the prettiest girl in that port.

13. *And .son*—and Philip Ray who was the only son of the miller who owned that tall-towered mill of the port. The poet seeks to prepare the mind of the reader with the fact that since Philip was the only son of the wealthy miller he was not so manly or brave or hardy as was Enoch who eventually won the love of Annie Lee.

14. *And Enoch lad*—and Enoch Arden, the third character of the story, was the son of an ordinary sailor; or Enoch Arden was a very rustic son of a sailor.

15. *Made orphan*—lost his father.

By a winter shipwreck—owing to the fact that the ship in which his father was travelling was broken to pieces by terrible storms that sweep the seas round Britain in winter; by a ship being wrecked in wintry days.

Played—played together; made merry; amused them-

selves.

16. *Among .. shore*—in the middle of the waste materials thrown by the busy housewifes or broken bits lying over the place; among the broken pieces of things and waste that lay there.

17. *Hard coils of cordago*—pieces of wires strongly twisted round.

Coils—ropes or wires.

Cordage—a quantity of cords or ropes, as the rigging of a ship.

Swarthy—dirty-looking; coarse-looking.

Swarthy fishing-nets—the fishing nets that look black and dirty by being constantly used in water.

18. *Anchors*—An implement for retaining a ship in a particular spot by temporarily chaining it to the bed of a sea or a river.

Anchors of rusty fluke—anchors whose flukes (the part which sticks fast in the sand) had got rusted.

Boats updrawn—boats drawn up the sand when no longer in use; or boats lying upside down when no longer used.

19. *And . castles*—and built castles of sand. (This is a favourite game with children who are playing with sand near the bank of a river or on the sea-beach.)

Dissolving sand—sand that was fast running out.

20. *Overflowed*—filled with water. (When a castle is made out of sand near the bed of a flowing river or at the beach when the tide is coming, water rushes from inside and dissolves the castle very quickly. It is most interesting to see how the castle slowly gets filled with water and its walls slowly crumble down.)

Following up—building it up so high.

21. *Flying*—touching the waves that dash against the beach.

Daily left—everyday left behind.

22. *The little footprint*—footprints being of small children.

Daily washed away—everyday those footprints were washed away.

> "Lives of great men, all remind us
> We can make our life sublime,
> And departing leave behind us,
> Footprints on the sand of time."

> "Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing on life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing may take heart again."

NOTE.—The delicacy of thought and expression is fully expressed in these two lines.

"And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away."

This is characteristic of Tennyson's style throughout.

23. *Cave*—a hollow.

Beneath—below; under.

Cliff—a high steep rock.

24. *Play'd at keeping house*—amused themselves with the game of keeping a house.

25. *Enoch day*—Enoch Arden used to play the part of the host one day.

Philip. .next—Philip would act the host the second day.

26. *Still*—always; Annie always played the part of the mistress.

Mistress—housewife.

But at times—at intervals; in succession; alternately.

27. *Enoch* . . . *week*—Enoch Arden remained in possession of the house in which Annie was the housewife; Enoch Arden was the master of the house for one week.

28. *This* . . . *wife*—this house belongs to me and Annie is my sweet little wife.

"Yes, a world of comfort
Lies in that one word—wife, after a bickering day
To come with jaded spirit home at night,
And find the cheerful fire, the sweet repast,
At which, in dress of happy cheeks and eyes,
Love sits, and smiling, lightens all the board."

—*J. S. Knowles*

29. *Mine too*—Philip would sometime retort, "To me also does this house and wife belong when my turn comes to be the owner."

Turn and turn about—as soon as my turn comes and yours is over.

NOTE.—Observe the skill of Tennyson in introducing to the reader's mind what will ultimately happen and what really constitutes one of the subtlest and most tragic events of the story of "Enoch Arden."

30. *When*—at times.

Stronger made—being stronger in his constitutional built than Philip Ray, his rival; being stronger in body than Philip Ray.

31. *Was master*—gained the mastery of the household. (It must be remembered that Enoch was "rough sailor's lad" while Philip Ray was the only son of the miller).

His blue eye—eyes are blue when a man is severely injured or is sorrow-stricken.

32. *All flooded*—streaming eyes; flooded with tears.

Helpless—ineffective; impotent.

Wrath—rage.

33. *Shriek out*—cried out.

I hate you—this is an ordinary expression to show one's bitter contempt towards any one.

At this—when Philip Ray would say, "I hate you"; when Philip Ray would fall out with Enoch Arden.

34. *The little wife*—Annie.

Would weep for company—used to cry to keep company with Philip whom she loved quite as tenderly as Enoch.

35. *Pray them*—request them, i.e., request Enoch and Philip.

Not... sake—not to fight for the sake of Annie and her house.

(It may be observed here that Annie had a very tender and sensitive heart. She gloried in love and disdained fight and hatred. This is a very desirable virtue in womankind.)

36. *She both*—she would like to act as wife to both Philip and Enoch. (How childish and how sweet! In these words is also contained the truth of the saying, "Coming events cast their shadows before". These words were very prophetic indeed.)

37. *Dawn of rosy childhood*—the early and glorious and happy days of innocent childhood.

Past—passed away.

38. *The new warmth*—the new urge; the fresh drive or feeling.

Life's ascending sun—the growing manhood.

26. *Still*—always; Annie always played the part of the mistress.

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Helpless—ineffective; impotent.

Wrath—rage.

33. *Shriek out*—cried out.

I hate you—this is an ordinary expression to show one's bitter contempt towards any one.

At this—when Philip Ray would say, "I hate you"; when Philip Ray would fall out with Enoch Arden.

34. *The little wife*—Annie.

Would weep for company—used to cry to keep company with Philip whom she loved quite as tenderly as Enoch.

35. *Pray them*—request them, i.e., request Enoch and Philip.

Not .. sake—not to fight for the sake of Annie and her house.

(It may be observed here that Annie had a very tender and sensitive heart. She gloried in love and disdained fight and hatred. This is a very desirable virtue in womankind.)

36. *She both*—she would like to act as wife to both Philip and Enoch. (How childish and how sweet! In these words is also contained the truth of the saying, "Coming events cast their shadows before". These words were very prophetic indeed.)

37. *Dawn of rosy childhood*—the early and glorious and happy days of innocent childhood.

Past—passed away.

38. *The new warmth*—the new urge; the fresh drive or feeling:

Life's ascending sun—the growing manhood.

The new. .sun—the new feelings and urge of the growing manhood or womanhood.

39. *Was felt*—was seen to affect.

Either—both Enoch and Philip.

Fixt .heart—felt a longing devotion for; felt deeply attached to.

40. *On that girl*—Annie.

And Enoch .love—and Enoch told Annie about the feelings of warm love that he bore towards her.

41. *But silence*—but Philip (naturally timid and shy) loved to love Annie without expressing it to her.

"The enticement of Love."

"He first approaches us
In childish play, wantoning in our walks;
If heedlessly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing-way,
We're lost, and hardly to return again.
We should take warning: he is painted blind,
To show us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into:
Therefore let virtue take him by the hand:
Directed so, he leads to certain joy."

—*Dr. Southey*

42. *And. Philip*—and the charming girl, Annie, seemed to have had greater tenderness towards Philip than towards Enoch.

43. *But. .Enoch*—but really Annie loved Enoch. (In other words though Annie liked Philip for his innocent loving nature, her heart was with Enoch.)

Tho'. .not—though Annie herself did not know how or why she loved Enoch; Annie did not know that she loved Enoch. (Here is the best picture of the mind of lovers.

They do not know what they are after. They seldom, or perhaps never exercise their reason.)

44. *And. deny it*—and, sure enough, she would have denied being in love with Enoch if somebody had put her that question.

45. *Set*—placed; fixed.

46. *A purpose*—a plan; an idea or ideal.

Evermore—always.

A purpose eyes—had always this purpose fixed in his mind; his mind was revolving round this one object all the time.

Hoard—collect; gather.

To the uttermost—as much as he possibly could.

47. *Make a home*—establish himself. The attractions of home are indeed very many and to no one do they appeal so keenly as to the lovers. Thus says a poet,

"I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowers so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light;
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
Where I sported a babe without sorrow or fear;
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.
I have friends whom I love and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, oh, 'tis tenderer yet."

—*Davidson*

48. *And so prospered*—and Enoch thrived so well in his trade.

At last—that as a result of his long persevering labours.

49. *A luckier fisherman*—a fisherman more fortunate and more daring.

50. *A carefuller*—one who was more careful than Enoch.

In peril—in danger; in the hour of distress or danger.

Did not breathe—was nowhere to be found; did not live. (In plain English it means that Enoch was far the cleverest living man in his own trade.)

51. *For leagues*—for many miles around. A league is equal to three miles.

Breaker-beaten—the shore that was continuously being washed away by breakers; the shore that bore distinct marks of the breakers that beat on it.

52. *Likewise*—in the same manner.

53. *On board . .merchantman*—on board a vessel that carries articles of trade from one place to another.

And made himself—he would have made himself a very good sailor.

54. *Had plucked a life*—had saved the life of persons being drowned in the sea.

55. *The dread sweep*—the terrible waves of the sea.

The down-streaming seas—the water of the breakers that were dashing back on the beach with a terrible force.

56. *And . favourably*—and everybody liked him very much.

57. *Ere*—before.

Touched . .May—became twenty-one years old. This is a poetic phrase meaning the time when he (Enoch) was twenty-one years old.

58. *He purchased . .boat*—he bought a boat of his own.

And made a home—and settled down comfortably in a home built by himself.

59. *Neat and nestlike*—very clean and comfortable.

Halfway up—right in the middle of.

Clambered—that went up winding slowly over the hill.

45—60.

Explanation—Enoch had before his mind this one object that he should save as much money as possible in order to be able to buy a boat for himself and make a home where Annie and he could live comfortably after they got married. And it happened that he thrived so very well in his trade that people began to think that there was no living man on that side of the coast who may be called a more lucky or more daring sailor than Enoch, nor, no man could ply the vessel in [illegible] three persons who were being drowned in the sea when the waves ran high and the breakers were dashing furiously against the beach. People liked him very much for all that. And even before he could attain the age of twenty-one years he was able to buy a boat for himself and he also built a cosy and comfortable home for his sweetheart, Annie. That house of Enoch lay right in the middle of that narrow path which went up winding round the hill.

61. *Then*—"Then" denotes another stage of the story.

A golden .eventide—on one evening when the golden rays of the setting sun set everything ablaze with glory.

62. *The younger people*—Enoch Arden and Annie; young people.

Making holiday—making merry in a sort of a holiday.

64. *Went hazels*—went to gather nuts in the hazel-wood. (This is a very favourite pastime of youngsters in that part.)

Philip stayed—Philip alone stayed behind.

65. *His father. .him*—since his father was ill he wanted Philip's assistance.

66. *An hour behind*—stayed behind for an hour only.

But as. .hill—as soon as he had ascended the hill.

67. *Prone edge*—projected corner.

Just. .began—just where the projected portion of the wood began to stretch itself.

68. *To feather. .hollow*—to extend towards the hollow; to spread towards the hollow.

Saw the pair—Philip saw Enoch and Annie.

69. *Sitting hand-in-hand*—sitting by the side of each other like two lovers with their hands crossed in each other's.

70. *Weather-beaten face*—his face with distinct effects of weather marked on it.

71. *All-kindled*—all lit up; glowing.

By a still and sacred fire—by the fire of a quiet and holy and stirring love.

72. *That. .altar*—that was continuously burning like the fire on an altar.

Altar—en elevated place or structure, block or stone, or the like, on which sacrifices were anciently offered.

Philip looked—Philip saw them most carefully.

73. *And. .doom*—and saw through the glances of Enoch and Annie towards each other and through their faces which were filled with love towards each other that his own chance of winning the love of Annie had been blasted away; Annie's and Enoch's love towards each other as reflected through their passionate eyes and looks spelt disaster to Philip.

NOTE.—Eyes and faces speak strangely the language of love for which words are a very poor substitute. Here are

the words of a poet about the charms of a face.

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gray their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold:
So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose."

—*S. Wesley*

74. *Then*—"Then" is used here to emphasise the tense moment when the lovers, Enoch Arden and Annie, began to grow even more passionately devoted to each other while sitting and Philip looked on and felt himself a broken-hearted man.

As together—as Enoch and Annie began to kiss each other and drew their faces close to each other's.

Groaned—Philip Ray began to moan with grief.

75. *And slipt aside*—and then he quietly stepped aside to hide himself and mourn in loneliness.

And like a wounded life—and like one who is deeply smitten with grief.

76. *Crept down*—went down slowly.

The hollows of the wood—into the places in the wood which were screened from public view.

77. *There*—in order to lay stress on certain important events of the story Tennyson uses this device of putting words like "then" or "there".

While merrymaking—while all young people were busy amusing themselves with collecting nuts or playing in the woods.

78. *Had unseen*—was pining with grief all :

Rose—got up.

Past—went away.

79. *Bearing*—carrying.

A life-long hunger—a thirst which the march of time could not assuage.

Bearing . . heart—carrying within his heart a thirst for love that could not be put out by the effect of time; time could not heal the pangs of love that he suffered from.

72-79. *Philip looked . . heart.*

Explanation—Philip looked at Enoch and Annie as they sat side by side and when he saw their eyes and looks lit up with a passionate love to each other he knew that his hopes of winning the love of Annie some day were blasted away. Next when he saw Annie and Enoch drawing their faces to each other to kiss he sighed with bitter grief and quietly stepped aside like a man mortally stricken with some agony of soul and then he sought shelter in those hollow places in the woods which were screened from the public view. In those hidden places Philip lay meditating on his hard lot while young people all around were busy merrymaking in the woods. He then rose from his seat and went away and carried with him the thirst of love that time could not satisfy.

80. *These*—Enoch and Annie.

Merrily rang the bells—The church bells rang merrily. Tennyson is always very expressive. The bells that are rung at some wedding seemed to have been always very dear to the poetic minds as they are just as merry and wild as the hearts of lovers. Or as a poet says,

> "Hear the mellow wedding bells,
> Golden bells!
> What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

87. *Bringing-up*—the upbringing.

88. *Than..been*—than had fallen to his lot.

Or hers—or even to the lot of his wife, Annie.

A wish renewed—that was a desire that began to urge them all the more.

89. *When..he*—when after two years a son was born to them.

90. *The rosy....solitudes*—the most delightful object of her ambitions in life; in her lonely hours Annie was lost in the admiration of her child as she thought him to be the representation of her best wishes.

91. *While*—at the time when.

Was abroad—had gone away.

Wrathful seas—tempestuous seas; stormy seas.

92. *Journeying landward*—sailing towards the land.

93. *Enoch's white horse*—the white horse that drove the cart of Enoch.

Ocean-spoil—the animals that Enoch had caught in the sea and with which his cart was overladen, i.e., the fishes.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the *spoils* of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

94. *Ocean-smelling osier*—the fishes that were placed in the baskets which smelt with sea-water.

95. *Rough-reddened*—which had turned rough and red owing to constant travelling in the stormy seas.

Winter gales—the terrific storms that rage in the seas in winter.

96. *Not only..known*—were not familiar merely to the people that frequented the market-place.

97. *Leafy lanes*—the streets covered with huge leafy trees.

Down—the bank of sand

98. *Far as*—as far as.

Portal-winding whelp—the gate on which lay the statue of a young lion made of stone.

99. *Peacock yew-tree*—the peacock that was carved out of the wood of a yew-tree.

Hall—the chief building of that square.

100. *Friday food*—the food taken on Fridays only. It is a practice amongst the High Church people that they do not eat meat on Fridays.

Was Enoch's ministering—was supplied by Enoch who brought fish in his carts.

Then change—Then there was a change in the fortune of Enoch Arden.

Change—change in the circumstances in life.

"A *change* came ov'r the spirit of my dreams."

—*Byron*

"Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain *changes*, are still prepared and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in wisdom's school."

—*Massinger*

As all change—just as everything concerned with our human existence is subject to the law of change.

102. *To northward*—due north.

103. *Opened a larger haven*—opened out into a big harbour.

104. *Enoch sea*—Enoch used to go there sometimes by land and sometimes by sea.

105. *When there*—when he had gone there.

Clambering—climbing with difficulty.

Clambering . . mast—while trying to climb on a mast.

106. *Mischance*—through sudden misfortune.

107. *A limb . . him*—when they raised him from the ground they found that one of his limbs was broken by the fall.

110. *Another . trade*—another man took possession of his trade.

111. *Taking . . theirs*—depriving both Enoch and his family of their means of living.

And . . fell—and there came on him.

112. *Grave*—sober.

Staid—steadfast; not easily to be moved.

Lying thus inactive—lying in this helpless state.

*Doubt and gloom—distrust and suspicion that charac-*ises the mind of a non-believer in God.

114. *Nightmare*—a dream of terror.

115. *To see evermore*—to see his family growing worse d worse.

116. *Low mouth*—leading the wretched life of just :ting enough to maintain themselves.

117. *And beggar*—and imagining Annie, whom he ed so very dearly, growing poorer and poorer everyday.

118. *Save me*—O God, save my family from this :etched state of poverty, no matter how hard I may have to ffer personally.

101-118. *Explanation*—Then there occured a great ıange in the fortune of Enoch Arden. That change was st like so many changes which are inevitable in our human

existence. The narrow port opened out into a large harbour about ten miles due north. Enoch used to go there sometimes by land and sometimes by sea. Once while he was climbing a mast in that harbour, his foot slipped through bad luck all of a sudden and he fell down. When people lifted him up they found that one of his limbs was broken. And while he lay thus slowly regaining his health a sickly child was born to him. In the meantime another man took monopoly of the trade of Enoch and so deprived him and his family of the means of living. When it so happened, Enoch, who was a God-fearing man and who was characteristically sober and steadfast began to have his mind filled with distrust and suspicion simply because he was lying helpless. He seemed to have seen the vision wherein he saw his children gradually sinking into a state of poverty and getting just enough to keep the body and soul together. This vision haunted him torturously like a nightmare. He saw therein even Annie, whom he loved so very dearly, being reduced to a state of abject poverty. So he at last prayed to God thus, "O God, save my family from such state of poverty and destitution, no matter what may fall to my lot."

119. *And prayed*—and while he was thus praying to God.

120. *Mischance*—misfortune.

121. *For him*—because he knew the qualities of Enoch and so had great esteem for him.

122. *Reporting Chinabound*—told him that his boat was going to China.

123. *Boatswain*—boatman; sailor.

Would he go?—he asked Enoch if he would care to go to China on his boat.

125. *Would place?*—he asked Enoch again if he would care to go.

126. *All at once*—unhesitatingly; immediately.

Assented—agreed.

127. *Rejoicing . . prayer*—rejoicing in the belief God had at last answered his prayers.

Note.—Tennyson is a great believer in the effica prayer. In Morte D'Arthur he says

"Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by *p*
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

128. *Shadow of mischance*—shadow of ill-fate.

129. *No graver*—not more dreadful.

130. *Cuts . . sun*—cuts its way across the bright pa the sun.

131. *And . . offing*—makes an island appear throug light reflected by the sun on the cloud in the far horizon i sea.

132. *When gone*—when he had sailed away to th tant land of China.

What to do—what will they do?

133. *Long-pondering*—brooding for a long time this plan.

134—*To sell . . well*—he wished to sell his boat an he did not wish to sell it as he loved it very dearly.

Note.—Tennyson is an adept in depicting the mi people in different circumstances of life. He has truly graphically painted the picture of the imaginings of Eno he lay brooding over his project of going to China.

wanted to sell his boat to fulfil his plans and yet he did not wish to sell it as he must feel a wrench at the parting of a thing that he held for so long and which had served him so well. Thus his mind was full of contradictory ideas. He was in that perplexity in which Hamlet found landed himself when he said,

"To be or not to be—that is the question."

135. *How..her*—he had sailed across stormy seas safely in that boat many times.

138. *Set Annie..trade*—start a business for Annie.

139. *With .wives*—by putting all those things in her store which are needed everyday by the wives of sailors.

140. *So..gone*—so that Annie may be able to look after the needs of the household while he was away.

141. *Should. yonder*—(*Then Enoch began to inquire* of himself thus). Why should I not try myself to set up a trade?

NOTE.—The troubled state of Enoch's mind and the strain of distressful indecision continues.

143. *As oft as needed*—as often as it may seem necessary.

Last—at last.

Returning rich—when I return and find myself quite rich.

144. *Become craft*—I will be carrying on a large trade.

Craft—trade; business.

145. *Fuller profits*—with greater gains in business (consequent on the investment of a big capital).

Easier life—more comfortable life.

With..life—with ample profit in business I will be able to lead a more comfortable life.

146. *Young ones*—children.

147. *And pass . . own*—and then spend the remaining days of my life in contentment amongst my own people.

Explanation—There is a very great longing in the heart of every one of us to spend the evening of life amongst one's own kith and kin. This wish has found expression in the works of many poets, but nowhere has it been more pathetically and forcefully put as in the following words of Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village.*

"As a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at *home* at last."

148. *Determined*—resolved; made up his mind.

149. *Pale*—bloodless.

151. *Forward . . cry*—she started forward with a cry of joy.

142. *Laid*—put.

And arms—and gently put the sick child in the arms of Enoch.

153. *Handled*—felt over.

154. *Appraised*—guessed.

Fondled . . father-like—and patted him in his lap as affectionately as any father would.

155. *Had no heart*—did not feel brave enough.

To break his purposes—to tell Annie his plans.

157. *Then . . girt*—then it was for the first time since Enoch's ring had been put round the finger of Annie; then it was for the first time since the time of their wedding.

158. *Annie . . will*—Annie set herself in opposition to the wish of Enoch.

159. *Brawling*—fighting.

Brawling opposition—fighting for the sheer fondness of fighting.

Yet she—yet she did not fight with her husband out of sheer cussedness.

160. *Manifold*—many.

Entreaties—requests.

Many a tear—through her streaming eyes. Byron's words on tears would not seem out of place here.

"When friendship or love our sympathies move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection 's *a tear.*
Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with *a tear.*"

Then the poet dwells on a woman's tears,

"Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable *tear!*
That weapon of her weakness she can weild,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield."

161. *Sad kiss*—kisses full of sorrow.

By day renewed—kisses given during the day and night.

162. *Sure it*—feeling quite sure that nothing but evil will come out of the venture that Enoch was proposing to undertake.

163. *Besought*—prayed; requested.

Supplicating—pleading very warmly.

165. *He her*—as he was inspired not by the motives for selfishness but by those of the welfare of his wife and children.

yet because those fears filled the mind of Annie whome he loved so very dearly he looked on them with sympathy and interest In spite of all that, howeever, since Enoch was a man who lived in fear of God he knelt down in prayer before God and prayed thus, "O God, bless my wife and children, no matter what may happen to me." He felt himself completely in tune with the Infinite while he thus prayed. Then he said to Annie, "O Annie, by the grace of God, this voyage of mine will bring good luck to every one of us. Keep a clean fire-place and cheery fire for me when I return because I will return, O dear one, even sooner than you imagine." Then he rocked his sick child that was lying in the cradle and said, "And this beautiful, little, weak child—no, I love him more for all that—may be blessed by God. He shall then sit upon my knees and I will tell him interesting stories of foreign countries on my return. I will make him happy. Come, Annie, now come, and look cheerful before I bid you Good-bye."

201. *Hopefully*—with hope kindling in her heart.

202. *And . herself*—and she almost began to think as hopefully as did Enoch about his venture.

Turned—changed.

203. *Graver things*—more serious topics.

204. *In sailor fashion*—like a sailor who is plain and blunt.

Roughly—plainly.

Sermonizing—lecturing.

205. *Trust in heaven*—faith in God.

205-206. *She heard him*—she was hearing every word of Enoch and yet was so listless that she seemed not to have heard him at all.

207. *Who . . spring*—who puts her pitcher under the flowing spring.

208. *Musing*—contemplating on; brooding over.

Him—her lover.

209. *Hears overflow*—she hears the noise of the flowing stream and yet her deep meditation on her lover does not allow her to hear it and thus the pitcher begins to overflow.

201-209. *Explanation*—While Enoch thus talked to her in an optimistic strain she was so much led away by it that she, in spite of her misgivings, began to share the cheery hopes of her husband. But when, like a sailor, Enoch began to talk of serious things and lectured to Annie about the value of faith in God and the bounty of Providence, she seemed to have heard every word and yet did not hear it

Annie's state of mind resembled that of a maiden who, after putting her pitcher under a flowing stream, begins to brood over the time when her lover used to help her to lift the pitcher and thus forgets all about the pitcher and allows it to overflow. Just as a maiden in this state hears the noise of the water and yet hears it not so also did Annie partly hear the words of wisdom of Enoch and partly did not.

210. *At length*—when she had heard all that Enoch had to say.

211. *Well know I*—I know it perfectly well.

212. *That more*—that I will not be able to see your face any more.

Note.—Here in these words is contained a sort of prophetic misgiving of Annie.

214. *Passes here*—passes by this way.

215. *A seaman's glass*—the glass used by sailors to sight some rock or any other dangerous object to be avoided by the ship.

216. *Spy*—see carefully.

And . . fears—and then just laugh at your misgivings.

217. *Last moments*—the very last moment when Enoch bade final Good-bye before sailing to China.

218. *Cheer up*—be cheerful.

219. *Look to the babes*—look after the children.

220. *Keep everything shipshape*—keep everything in perfect order.

Shipshape—trim, neat, in good order like a sailor.

And . . me—and have no fears regarding me.

221. *Cast . . God*—you must relegate all your anxieties to God; all your cares must be God's.

That anchor holds—he will not fail you though everybody else may.

224. *Can I go from Him*—can I ever fly away from his safety? I will be always under God's care though I may be away from you for a while.

225. *God made it*—God made the sea (which you fear so much).

227. *Cast*—threw around.

Drooping—falling.

228. *And kissed . . ones*—and kissed his children who were all looking at him with surprise.

229. *The sickly one*—the sick child.

230. *Feverish wakefulness*—having had no sleep owing to fever.

231. *Him*—the sick child.

233. *Cot*—bed.

NOTE.—Here Tennyson has veritably reached the very height of his art in describing the tender feelings of love that a father can bear towards his offspring. Enoch would not

disturb the sick child lest the slightest strain may aggravate his disease. Here is also contained an inkling into the character of Enoch which explains the supreme sacrifice he made ultimately in the cause of the welfare of his family on his return home after ten years of exile.

234. *Clipt*—cut.

236. *Through future*—throughout the remaining days of his life.

237. *Hastily. .caught*—took up in great hurry.

238. *Waved his hand*—bade Good-bye.

That Enoch mentioned—that was told her by Enoch.

239. *But. vain*—but she could see nothing through it.

241. *Tremulous*—shaking.

243. *The moment .past*—both that precious moment and the boat passed away.

238-243. *Explanation*—Annie borrowed a glass when the day arrived which had been mentioned by Enoch. She tried to see Enoch on the ship through that glass but it was all useless. It may have been so because she could not properly fix the glass to adopt her eyesight exactly, or because her eyesight was not very good, or because her hands were trembling with emotion. Anyway she did not see Enoch, and while he stood on the deck waving to Annie both the boat and that precious moment passed away.

244. *Even. sail*—she watched the ship till the fast-disappearing sail completely vanished out of sight and seemed to have been enveloped in the waves of the sea.

246. *Then grave*—then though she grieved over the absence of Enoch so very bitterly as if he were dead.

247. *Set. his*—she did not allow her grief to make her go against the wishes of her husband, Enoch.

Chime—agree with.

248. *Throve not*—did not prosper.

Not being bred to barter—simply because she had no training in the art of buying and selling.

249. *Compensating*—taking advantage of.

250. *Shrewdness*—business tact; experience of business.

Neither . . lies—she was neither fit for manufacturing lies.

251. *Overmuch*—too much.

252. *Foreboding*—fearing.

What would Enoch say?—what would Enoch think of me on his return if I do not carry out his wishes.

254. *Pressure*—monetary difficulty.

254-255. *Had . . sold*—she sold her things for much less than what she had paid for them.

256. *She . . it*—she thus suffered terrible losses in trade and whenever she thought of them she grew all the more unhappy.

257. *Expectant . . came*—she was always looking forward to receive the happy news that Enoch had returned from his foreign travel but she never received that happy news.

Expectant—very eager to receive.

258. *Scanty sustenance*—a very meagre means of living; earned very little to support herself.

259. *And lived . . melancholy*—and lived a sort of life in which she had to suffer all kinds of privations in silence.

244-259. *Explanation*—Annie watched the ship till the last sail had vanished beneath the waves of the sea in the distance. Then she returned home and wept for Enoch. Though she began to mourn for the absence of Enoch as if he were dead, yet she did not allow her grief to make her go against the wishes of Enoch. She did not prosper in her trade simply because she had no training in the art of buying and

selling. She did not know how to take advantage of the excessive want of some articles through business tact, nor could she manufacture lies, nor would she demand for her goods more than what was due. She always accepted a price less than what she had paid for anything and she always feared, "If I do not carry on trade, what will Enoch think of me on his return home?" More than once had it happened that Annie sold her articles for prices which were much lower than those she had given herself for them. She thus failed in her business and when she thought of her failure she became all the more unhappy. In this way, she was able to get a very meagre living while expecting everyday to hear the glad news that Enoch had returned home and she never received that happy news. So she lived a life of silent sorrow.

260. *Sickly-born*—who was sick since his birth.

Grew yet sicklier—became all the worse.

261. *Though it*—though the mother gave her best attention.

262. *Nevertheless*—in spite of this.

264. *Or most*—or because the child did not get what it needed most.

265. *Means*—money.

The voice tell—the doctor who could have diagnosed the disease correctly; the physician who would have laid his finger on the disease and would have shown the remedy.

266. *Howsoever it was*—be that as it may.

267. *Lingering*—slowly.

268-269. *Like away*—one day the soul of the child left its body just as stealthily and quietly as does a bird put in the cage when it gets the chance to fly away.

Flitted away—flew away.

271. *Philip's true heart*—the ever-sincere heart of Philip.

Hungered—which thirsted for; longed for.

Her peace—Annie's joy.

NOTE.—Tennyson has used a very apt word "Peace" at this stage of the development of his theme. Coleridge has said beautifully what domestic peace entails to a human being.

"Tell me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found—
Halcyon daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the pomp of sceptered state,
From the Rebel's noisy hate:
In a cottage vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears.
Sorrow smiling through her tears.
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy."

272. *Since . . her*—because he had not seen Annie since the moment that Enoch had sailed away to China.

273. *Smote him*—gave exceeding pain to the heart of Philip.

Kept aloof—kept away from Annie (particularly when she had suffered so terribly).

275. *May be . . comfort*—I may be able to console her a little in her trouble.

276. *Solitary*—lonely; unattended.

277. *Paused*—waited; rested.

279. *Seated . . grief*—sitting stricken with her sorrow.

280. *Fresh. one*—having arrived quite freshly after burying her child.

281. *Cared . . face*—did not like at all to see anybody.

283. *Falteringly*—through broken accents (as he was himself overwhelmed with a sense of grief at seeing Annie's sad plight).

284. *Annie . you*—Annie, I have just come to seek a favour at your hands.

285. *The passion . reply*—she spoke and there was such a great emotion in her sad reply to Philip's query.

286. *Forlorn*—destitute; helpless.

287. *Abashed him*—ashamed him.

Unasked—without caring for or being asked to.

288. *His bashfulness war*—while his shyness and pity were at war with each other.

290-291. *I came husband*—I came to ask you to do just the thing that Enoch had asked you to.

292. *You us*—you chose the best man amongst we two.

293-294. *For through*—for whenever he determined to do a thing he put all his power in achieving it and suffered all hardships to gain it.

Fixed his heart—took fancy to a particular object.

Bore it through—suffered all hardships in pursuit thereof.

295. *And . way*—and just fancy a moment, why did he leave his home for such a long voyage?

296. *Not to see the world*—it was not for the sake of the pleasure of seeing the world.

297. *Wherewithal*—means; fortune.

299. *That was his wish*—that was his one ambition.

NOTE.—Contrast with the "vaulting ambition" of Enoch the simple wishes of a man as depicted in the following lines,

"My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil,
I make the limits of my power.
The bounds unto my will."

300. *Vext*—annoyed.

301. *To find . . lost*—to see that you are wasting away the valuable hours of the morning.

302. *Vex*—torment.

303-304. *And . . waste*—and it would give him additional pang to think that his sons were running like wild colts all over the wastes. That would distress him even in his grave.

Like colts . . waste—just as much uncared-for and neglected and wild as are the colts running all over the wastes.

305. *Have . . lives?*—have we not been friends all our life?

306. *Beseech*—warmly request.

306-307—I request you most earnestly even by the love you bear to Enoch and his children, let alone the friendship of ours.

308. *If you will*—if you will accept my request or grant my prayer.

When Enoch comes again—when Enoch returns to his home after his foreign travel.

310. *For . . do*—I am so rich that I can easily afford to help you to educate your children.

312. *This . . ask*—this is the only favour that I have come to ask at your hands.

NOTE.—Here one should observe that Tennyson does not depart in the least from his high sense of propriety or decorum. His conception of humanity is very high. It is tinged with spiritual motives. He makes Philip appear as a man who wants to do service in the true Christian way, a service that is opportune and most beneficial and yet given for no ulterior motive or ultimate reward. This makes the heroes and heroines of Tennyson appear as truthful, God-fearing, and rigidly Christian believing in his sacred motto,

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

313. *Brows wall*—with her brows facing the wall. (A man or woman laden with grief shuns the very sight of man).

314. *I face*—I simply have not courage enough to see you in the face.

315. *Broken down*—collapsed with grief.

316. *When down*—as soon as you entered my house to give me your sympathy I was simply crushed under the weight of my sorrow.

317. *Your kindness down*—it is now your benevolent attitude that is crushing me under its weight.

318. *That me*—that is one great thought which holds me up; the belief that Enoch lives is my strongest and safest anchor and it sustains me as nothing else does.

320. *Nor yours*—it will be utterly impossible to be as kind to you as you have been to us.

Thus has a poet sung about the power of kindness,

"Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move:
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade,
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slave grow pleased and vain."

321. *Then . . Annie*—then, Annie, will you please accept my request to allow me to educate your children?

323. *Fixt . . him*—looked at Philip with streaming eyes.

Swimming eyes—streaming eyes; eyes full of tears.

324. *Dwelt*—saw carefully.

Kindly face—appearance that beamed with pity and compassion.

326. *Wrung it passionately*—pressed the hand of Philip with an emotion that was born of an overwhelming sense of gratitude.

327. *Past*—went away.

Garth—garden; compound.

328. *Lifted . . spirit*—cheered up; enlivened.

329. *Needful*—necessary.

330. *Like . . own*—like a person who is merely fulfilling his duty to his own kith and kin.

331. *Made . . theirs*—allied himself with them; made himself as if he was one of them.

And . . sake—and although it was only for the good name of Annie.

332. *Lazy gossip*—idle talk.

333. *He . . wish*—he denied himself the pleasure which he simply longed for.

334. *Crost . . threshold*—went to her house.

335. *Garden-herbs*—herbs grown in his garden and which were very useful.

336. *The late .roses*—that roses that blossomed in his garden early or late in the budding season.

338. *Pretext. meal*—with the excuse that the flour was unusually well grounded in his mill.

339. *To save..charitable*—so that he may not appear as one who was doing any sort of charity to Annie or her family.

341. *Fathom*—know rightly; guess; divine.

342. *Scarce .her*—hardly could Annie when Philip came to her (speak).

343. *Full heart*—heart overflowing (with feelings of gratitude).

Boundless gratitude—gratitude that knew no bounds.

344. *Light on*—give; speak.

345. *But all-in-all*—Philip was everything to her children.

347. *To greet heartily*—to show their affectionate attitude in return to his when he welcomed them.

348. *Lords they*—they were the undisputed masters of his house and mill.

349. *Passive*—uncomplaining.

Petty—trifling.

Worried..wrongs—teased him with trifling complaints and he heard them without complaining and not showing himself weary of them.

351. *Philip gained*—Philip gained the affection of those children more and more.

Philip Enoch lost—Philip gained the affection of the children more and more while Enoch was losing it steadily.

352-353. *For dream*—because now Enoch began to appear to them as shifty and unsubstantial as a vision or a

dream.

354. *Faint*—indistinct.

358. *Fled forward*—sped by; flew past.

341-358. *Explanation*—But Philip was not able to guess correctly the mind of Annie. Annie was so very moved by a sense of limitless gratitude and admiration for Philip that whenever he saw her she could with great difficulty utter a word or two as a token of her thankfulness. Indeed Philip was everything to her children. Whenever Annie's children saw Philip they used to run from far-off corners of the street just to reciprocate his sincere greeting. They had become the real masters of his house and mill. They used to tease Philip with trifling complaints and he loved to listen to them quitely. Sometimes they would ask him to give them some sort of a treat, and then they used to hang on him and played with him and always addressed him as Father Philip. Philip thus gained the affection of Annie's children while Enoch was fast losing it. Enoch began to appear to the children as shifty or substanceless as a vision or a dream or like the indistinct figure which appears at the other end of an avenue at sunrise and which nobody knows about. In this way ten years rolled away quickly since the time that Enoch left his hearth and home and no news of him was heard of.

360. *Nutting*—to gather hazel-nuts.

363. *Him*—Philip.

Like dust—who appeared as much covered up by the dust of the mill as does the working-be in the dust of the blossoms.

364. *Blanched . . mill*—made white with the flour of the mill.

366. *Plucked at*—pulled.

367. *Yielded*—gave way; agreed to.

368. For *them*—besides the fact that children were imploring Philip to accompany them to the wood he had the additional attraction that Annie was also going with them and so he shall have a chance of opening out his heart to her in solitude.

369. *Weary down*—the mound that made them tired.

370. *Prone*—projecting.

371. *To feather. .hollow*—to spread towards the hollow.

371-372. *All. her*—she seemed utterly exhausted.

NOTE.—This was the spot where Annie and Enoch had fallen in love with each other. She was suddenly reminded of her past happy hours and the memory of those sweet moments of her life as contrasted with her poverty-striken present life made her faint.

373. *Well-content*—quite satisfied.

374. *Jubilant cries*—cries of joy.

375. *Broke from*—left the company of.

Tumultuously—noisily; boisterously.

376. *Made a plunge*—went rushing past.

377. *Dispersed*—scattered in all sides.

378. *Lithe*—strong; tough.

Reluctant—hard to break.

379. *Tawny*—brown.

381. *Forgot*—became quite unaware of.

382. *Remembered hour*—and was reminded of that sad hour.

383. *Wounded life*—the man who was smarting under a sense of wounded pride; deeply injured soul.

384. *He shadow*—he silently went under the shadow of the tree where he was screened from the public view.

385. *Honest forehead*—his forehead which shone with honest thoughts.

386. *Merry*—happy; cheerful.

387. *Tired Annie,*—Annie, are you tired?

388. *But . . hands*—but her face had fallen down upon her hands.

NOTE.—Remembrance of the past happy days made Annie extremely disheartened and heart-broken. She began to contrast her past life with the present one and felt acute pangs in her heart.

389. *At . . him*—when Philip saw Annie in that extremely depressed attitude he became a little annoyed and said.

391. *No more of that*—you must not think of that any more. (The idea is that one should not feel grieved over the inevitable or over what one has no control).

391-392. *Why . . quite*—why are you killing yourself nd also making your children feel by this attitude of yours s if they were really orphans. (Philip's argument was hat if she did not care for herself she should at least care or her children and so give up her sorrow).

393. *I thought . . it*—I quite forgot as to how adversly will affect the happiness of my children if I sit sorrowing e this for what I cannot do anything.

394. *Their . . solitary*—as I hear their voices I feel more l more lonely and sad.

381-394. *Explanation*—But as Philip sat by the side of nie he seemed to have forgotten completely that she was ng near him. He began to think of that sad hour of his in that very part of the wood when he felt deeply nded (seeing Enoch and Annie kissing each other) and ed quitely in a shady part of the wood. At last, he

raised his forehead up which shone with honesty and said to Annie, "Oh, Annie, just listen, how very happy are those children in that wood! Are you tired Annie? Are you really tired?" He said that twice as she did not reply his question. On the other hand, she sat there with her head resting on her hands. When Philip saw this, he became rather annoyed and said, "The ship was wrecked! The ship was wrecked! You must not think of that any more. Why are you killing yourself by brooding over things which are inevitable and why are you making your children feel that they have no father?" Annie then replied, "I quite forgot about what you suggest, but I really do not know why the voices of my children coming from this wood make me increasingly sad and lonely."

395. *Closer*—nearer.

396. *Annie mind*—Annie, I have an idea.

397. *And long*—and I have had it for quite a long time.

398. *And there*—and although I am quite unware as to how it came into my head.

399. *I know last*—I know it well enough that I must tell you it sometime.

400. *Beyond all hope*—utterly hopeless.

401. *He*—Enoch.

Well then—that being so.

403. *I grieve help*—I am very distressed to see that you are so poor and you need help so very badly.

405. *They say quick*—they say that women are very quick in understanding the heart of man.

406. *Fain*—most willingly.

411. *If wife*—if you could agree to be my wife without any further delay.

412. *Sad uncertain years*—years that have been full of sorrow and that have kept you in such cruel suspense (regarding the coming of Enoch).

413-414. *We . . creatures*—we may still be as happy as any of God's creatures; we may still enjoy all the amenities of happy domestic life granted by God to anyone on the face of this earth.

Think . . it—just ponder over it.

414. *Well-to-do*—rich and prosperous.

No kin, no care—I have no relations and I have no domestic worries of my own.

415. *No burthen*—no responsibility; no burdens such as people with big families have invariably.

Save . . yours—the only care that I shall have is to care for you and your children; to look after you will be my sole responsibility.

417-418. *And know*—and since we have known each other all our lives and since I have loved you for a longer time than what you know.

411-418. *Explanation*—And I am confident that if you were to become my wife without any further hesitation we may still become quite happy and enjoy all those amenities of happy domestic life which may have been granted by God to anybody under the sun, in spite of the fact that you have suffered so terribly during the past years owing to your separation from Enoch and owing to the fact that you have been kept in cruel suspense regarding his arrival back home. Just ponder over this suggestion of mine. I am quite rich and prosperous and I have no relations to worry about, nor have I any other care or responsibility except that it should be to make you and your children happy. And I do not know why we should not get married since we have known each other

all our lives and I have sincerely loved you for a longer time than what you are aware of.

419. *Tenderly she spoke*—(being overwhelmed by a great emotion) she spoke gently.

420. *You house*—to my family you have been as helpful as an angel of God.

421. *Reward*—repay.

421-422. *God myself*—may God reward you by enabling you to get something in life better at least than what I am!

423. *Can twice*—can one really love two persons just the same?

424. *What ask*—what is really your demand?

425-426. *I am Enoch*—I will be quite satisfied even if you love me a little less than Enoch.

426. *Scared*—greatly frightened.

NOTE.—At this moment Annie was suddenly reminded of the fact that Enoch might still return and so she shuddered to think as to how she dared to think of marrying anybody.

427. *If Enoch come*—if Enoch does return, nay, he will *not return*.

NOTE.—Annie's mind is just like that of a person who is in perplexity. Contradictory ideas are flashing past her mind. Her mind is not much different from that of Hamlet as depicted by Shakespeare,

"To be, or not to be—that is the question."

Or as another poet has said on Perplexity,

"If I heed my heart
I may lose my head;
If my head I heed
Then my heart may bleed;
And if I wait for a true accord

Between my heart and head,
I may be dead.
So what shall I do?"

430. *Surely..year*—it is certain that I shall have become more wise after a year.

433. *I am bound*—I have given you my word for it.

You have my promise—you have my word for it.

435. *Will..mine*—after a year, will you not keep your promise as I shall keep mine?

436. *I will..year*—I shall fulfil my promise after the year is over.

437. *Mute*—speechless.

Glancing up—looking up.

438. *Beheld*—saw.

Beheld..day—saw the crimson rays of the setting sun.

439. *Pass. overhead*—slowly sinking after passing the Danish grave which lay overhead.

440. *Then..Annie*—then he feared that it was too late and chilly for Annie.

441. *And..wood*—and called the children from the wood below.

442. *Laden*—overladen; burdened.

Spoil—booty; treasure; hazel-nuts.

444. *Paused*—waited.

437-448. *Explanation*—Here both became speechless until Philip looked up and saw the crimson rays of the setting sun passing over his head by the Danish grave that stood very high. Philip then felt that it was growing too late and chilly for Annie and so he rose from his seat and shouted out to the children playing below in the wood. The children came running up overladen with their spoil of hazel-nuts. Then they all

went down to the port and when they reached Annie's house, Philip stopped and said gently, "Oh, Annie, when I spoke to you about marriage it was the moment of your weakness. I made a great mistake then. I am bound by my promise, but you are free from that obligation." Then Annie wept and answered, "I am to bound by my words."

450. *While ways*—while she had hardly begun her household work.

453. *That again*—One autumn passed into another; a year rolled away.

454. *And face*—and Philip came again to her door and stood in front of her.

455. *Claiming promise*—demanding the fulfilment of her promise.

456. *If again*—if the hazel-nuts have grown ripe again (a year has surely passed away.)

457. *Put him off*—delayed answering him.

461. *Full of hunger*—shining with love that he cherished towards Annie all his life and which had not been gratified.

462. *Shaking hand*—which was very faltering and shook as if it was the hand of a drunkard.

464. *Take time*—you can take as much time as you please.

466. *Scarce-believable*—which could hardly be believed by anyone.

467. *Trying*—testing to the uttermost.

Trying sufferance—testing to the uttermost the sincerity and the power of endurance of Philip.

468. *Slipt away*—passed away.

469. *By this*—by this time.

The lazy gossips—the idle people who have no other business but to talk all sorts of idle things about other people.

470. *Abhorrent*—disgusted with.

Abhorrent . . crost—greatly disgusted with the fact that their long-cherished plans were frustrated; were filled with keen disappointment considering that their hopes of partaking of the festivities of the marriage of Annie and Philip were blasted away.

471. *Began. wrong*—began to get as angry as if they had been done a personal injury.

472. *That . . her*—that Philip had no intention of marrying Annie but that he was just playing with the womanly instincts of hers.

473. *Some . . on*—some thought that Annie was delaying the hour of marriage just in order to make Philip more attracted towards her.

474. *And to*—and there were others who simply laughed both at Philip and Annie.

475. *As minds*—considering them as foolish people who did not exactly know what they were after.

476-478. *And one . . either*—and one man, in particular, whose mind hatched all the evil ideas as a serpent hatches the vicious eggs, began to attribute worse things both to Annie and Philip.

479. *Though . . wish*—though his face showed clearly that he approved the marriage of Annie with Philip.

480. *Evermore*—always; increasingly.

Prest upon her—keenly persuaded her.

481. *To wed . . them*—to marry the person (Philip) who was so very dear to all the family.

482. *And . . poverty*—and thus raise the house from out of the state of poverty.

483. *Rosy*—ruddy; showing health.

Contracting grew—grew smaller and smaller.

484. *Careworn and wan*—depressed by care and looking pale.

And all .reproach—and all this talk of the people in the port appeared to Annie as disgraceful as a sharp scandal.

469-485. *Explanation*—By this time the idle people living in that port, who had no other business but to talk idly about the affairs of other men, became keenly disappointed at finding that their hopes were all blasted away. They began to get so furious over it as if some personal wrong was done to them. Some began to think that Philip had no intention of marrying Annie but that he was merely playing with her modesty. Some imagined that Annie was delaying the marriage with Philip simply in order to get him more attracted towards her. Others there were who laughed at both Annie and Philip, considering them as mere fools who did not really know their own minds. One man, in particular, whose mind hatched evil ideas just as a serpent hatches its eggs, began to attribute very vicious things to both. Annie's own son kept very quiet though his face clearly showed that he favoured his mother's marriage with Philip, but Annie's daughter persuaded her mother most earnestly and constantly to marry the man (Philip) who was so very dear to all the family and thus enable the family to be raised out of the acute state of poverty. The ruddy face of Philip grew smaller and smaller owing to worries and he looked pale. And all this talk of the port appeared to Annie as if it was a matter of great scandal.

485. *It chanced*—it happened.

486. *Earnestly*—devoutly; sincerely.

487. *Prayed gone?*—prayed to Go
cation whether Enoch lived or died.

488. *Then . .night*—then being enshrouded by the dark coverings of night.

Compassed—covered round by; enshrouded.

489. *Brooked*—bore.

Brooked . heart—could not bear the fear that troubled her heart in anticipation of the sign that she was to receive from God.

490. *Started . .bed*—jumped up from her bed.

And. light—and made light herself.

491. *Then . .holy book*—then suddenly in a sort of a fit of passion she took hold of the Bible.

492. *Sign*—sign from God Almighty.

493. *Suddenly tree*—all of a sudden she found her finger on the words "Under the palm tree."

NOTE.—It is a superstition among the Christians that if they open the Bible and put their fingers on a particular text all of a sudden without any premeditation then that particular text should be taken to answer the query that they might have in their heart and whose answer they sought. Further more, Annie saw Enoch under the palm tree and it was the proper answer to her query, "My Enoch, is he gone?", because Enoch was lying under a palm tree at that time in the Island where he lay stranded after his ship had been wrecked.

494. *That . .her*—that brought her no relief; that was meaningless to her.

495. *The Book*—the Bible.

496-497. *When . .Sun*—when she saw in the dream that Enoch, so dear to her, was sitting on a height under the palm-tree and the sun was shining overhead.

498. *He is gone*—he is gone to the region of Eternity; he is gone to the Abode of Christ.

499. *Hosanna . .highest*—a hymn sung by the devotees

of Christ when he entered Jerusalem.

Yonder shines—there shines.

500. *The Sun of Righteousness*—Jesus Christ.

500-502. *And these be. highest*—and the palms that I see are the palms that were spread over the roads in Jerusalem when Jesus Christ went there and they sang the hymn, "Hosanna in the highest."

502. *Here*—at this moment.

503. *Resolved*—made up her mind.

Sent him—sent for Philip and said in wild joy to him.

504. *There wed*—I see no reason whatsoever why we should not get married.

505-506. *Then once*—then for the sake of God and for our own sake, you should marry me and let us get married at once.

507. *Merrily rang bells*—the church-bells rang wildly.

509. *But heart*—but there was no joy in the heart of Annie.

510. *A footstep path*—she felt as if a man was walking by her side.

511. *She knew whence*—she did not know where it all came from.

A whisper ear—she then heard somebody invisible whispering in her ears.

512. *She knew what*—she did not know what exactly it was that was whispered in her ears.

512-513. *Nor loved alone*—(owing to these mysterious happenings) she did not like to remain alone in her home, nor did she dare to go out alone.

514. *What ailed then*—she did not know what she was suffering from at that time.

Ere she entered—even before she entered her new home.

515. *Her . latch*—she seemed to like to wait outside holding the latch leisurely in her hands.

516. *Fearing to enter*—she felt afraid to enter.

Philip . knew—Philip thought he knew the reason why such things were happening to Annie.

517. *Such doubts . . child*—Philip thought that such suspicions and fancies were quite common amongst women who were pregnant.

NOTE.—The marriage of Annie with Philip seemed to have been laid under a curse of heaven simply because it was unholy and against the text of the Bible as Enoch was not dead but lived in a tropical island in a stranded state. Thus the peculiar mysterious things that Annie experienced were due to the fact that though Annie read in her dream the death of Enoch, it was untrue. Philip's ideas about the funny state of Annie were wrong too. It was a purely supernatural phenomenon. Tennyson is a great believer in spiritual and supernatural things. The following lines will amply show his mind,

"For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—*Morte D'Arthur*

519. *Then renewed*—then she felt as if she had re- ved a new life with the birth of the child.

520. *Then . . heart*—then the mother (Annie) felt her- in normal condition once more.

521. *Her all-in-all*—was everything to her.

522. *And . . died*—and those inexplicable things that

haunted her wholly disappeared.

523. *And ..Enoch?*—now let us see what had happened to Enoch; now let us see where Enoch was at this time.

Prosperously sailed—went on nicely.

525. *Roughly..eastward*—passing rough sea while going east.

526. *Overwhelmed her*—nearly drowned Good Fortune.

Unvext—unhurt; perfectly sound.

527. *She slipt world*—she sailed across the tropical zone.

The summer of the world—the tropics; the tropical zone; the torrid zone.

528. *A long tumble*—a long rough voyage.

The Cape—cape of Good Hope; south of Africa.

529. *And..fair*—and facing good and bad weather at intervals.

530. *She passing again*—she passed again through the tropical zone of the world.

531. *The breath continually*—the mild winds were blowing all the time.

532. *And sent isles*—and took her gently to those golden islands.

533. *Till haven*—till she reached quietly in a port in the east.

523-533. *Explanation*—And where was Enoch at this time? His ship, Good Fortune, was very much shaken by the waves of the Bay of Biscay while on her way to the east. It appeared at one moment that she was going to be sunk, but she remained quite sound and crossed the torrid zone. Then she rounded the Cape of Good Hope encountering bad weather and good weather at intervals and passed through the [illegible]

once more where gentle steady trade-winds kept on blowing constantly and carried her to the golden islands of the east and finally to the port of her destination in the east where she lay quiet.

534. *There . himself*—there Enoch set up his own trade.

535. *Quaint monsters*—strangely-shaped animals of the east which were in great demand in his home.

536. *A gilded dragon*—a dragon that was plated with metal.

537. *Less . . voyage*—he was not so lucky in his voyage home as he was on his outward voyage.

538. *Through . circle*—passing through many circular wide expanses of water which presented that appearance as they were surrounded by the circular line of the horizon in the distance.

539. *Scarce-rocking*—hardly ever tumbling.

Her figure-head—her figure-head with a full bust carved on it.

540. *Stared . bows*—passed motionlessly over the waves that came rippling against her.

541. *Calms*—the places on the sea where wind does not blow in any particular direction to help the vessels to move on their track. Calms are found in some parts of the torrid zone. In olden days, when ships used to be carried by sails, sailors dreaded the regions called "calms" where wind did not blow in any particular direction and so the vessels had to lie in one spot in the middle of the sea for weeks and, sometimes, for months.

Winds variable—winds that sometimes blew hard and sometimes slow, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another.

542. *Baffling*—strong opposing winds; contrary winds.

A long. . them—they blew for a long time.

543. *Such. heavens*—that the ship, Good Fortune, was driven into parts of the sea where the sky was thickly overladen with clouds.

544. *Till came*—till quite suddenly there was heard the furious sound of "breakers."

Till rum—till quite suddenly there was heard the furious sound of "breakers" followed by a crash and the ship was wrecked.

545-546. *And others*—and everybody else was drowned except Enoch and his two companions.

547. *Buoyed spars*—and kept himself afloat on the broken parts that lay floating on the sea as well as on the shattered masts.

Tackle—things; parts of the ship.

Spars—Masts; rafters.

548. *Drifted*—floated aimlessly; floated away with the waves of the sea.

Stranding—left uncared for.

549. *Rich*—fertile; rich in vegetation.

But sea—but it was a most lonely island.

536-549. *Explanation*—He was not so lucky in his homeward voyage as he was in his outward voyage. At first the ship passed through many wide expanses of water enshrouded by the distant line of horizon on all sides. Day after day, she went smoothly and it hardly ever tumbled and her figurehead with a big bust carved on it seemed to be going perfectly steady against the waves of the sea. Then she entered the region of calms and then variable winds began to blow, then contrary winds came which lasted quite a long time. At last there came a storm which drove this vessel into regions where

the sky was thickly overcast by clouds. She was driven further and further by that storm when the furious noise of breakers came and then there was a crash and the vessel broke and every one aboard was drowned except Enoch and his two companions. Half the night they kept themselves floating on the broken parts of the ship that lay floating in the water. All three thus floated aimlessly on the sea till they found themselves in the morning in an island which was rich in vegetation but was desperately lonely.

550. *No want . . sustenance*—there was no dearth of the means of living.

551. *Fruitage*—fruits.

Mighty nuts—big nuts.

Nourishing roots—very health-giving nuts.

552-553. *Nor save . . tame*—nor was it difficult to catch irds or other animals there except for the fact that one felt ity for them as they were innocently gentle.

554. *Sea-ward-gazing*—looking towards the sea.

Mountain-gorge—the hollow in the mountain.

556. *Native cavern*—a house made by the natives which ks like a cave.

557. *Set . . plenteousness*—settled down in that island ere everything could be had in plenty.

Eden—the garden of Allah.

558. *Eternal Summer*—summer that never passed away.

NOTE.—English people have a peculiar fascination for ner as it is very cold and dull in England all the year t in summer when the whole country seems to put on a ely beautiful appearance.

l-content—they were happy and yet unhappy. (Though ad in that island everything that they possibly could

desire to maintain their lives, yet there were not the associations of home. Man, as Aristotle said once, is a social animal. So Enoch and his friends were unhappy in the midst of happy environments.)

559. *Hardly boy*—who was hardly more than a boy; who could hardly be described as a man.

560. *Hurt wreck*—was badly wounded in that night when the ship broke and everything was shattered to pieces.

561. *Lay life*—lay slowly wasting away his strength in bed for five years in which time he was living a living death.

562. *They him*—Enoch and another friend of his could never leave the sick man alone in that island.

After he was gone—when he died.

563. *A fallen stem*—a big trunk of the tree that had fallen down.

564. *Careless. himself*—not caring for his own safety.

565. *Fire fashion*—began to make a canoe out of it by burning it in the middle and making a hollow there just as Indians do.

Fell sun-stricken—died of sunstroke.

568. *Wooded*—densely covered with forest.

Peak—top.

569. *Glades*—open places in the wood.

570. *The slender plumes*—the drooping crown of leaves which grew on the cocoa-nut tree whose stem was long and tender.

571. *The lightning insect*—the bright lightning-like glow of an insect; the shining light of the glow-worm or the fire-fly.

572. *Lustre*—brightness.

Convolvulses—a kind of climbing or creeping plant.

573. *Coiled*—entwined.

Stately—majestic; grand.

574. *Even land*—that spread to the furthermost limit of the land of that island.

575. *The glows .world*—the wonderful things that grew in that thick part of wood.

576. *But seen*—but what he longed to see; but what he would have simply loved to see.

577. *The kindly. .face*—the face of Annie that shone with kindness and love.

579. *The. fowl*—the numerous shrill cries of the ocean-fowls.

580. *The reef*—the terrible sound of the waves which were as long as three miles and which dashed on the sea-shore with a tremendous force.

581. *The moving branched*—the rustling of the leaves of huge trees that sent their branches all over the place.

582. *Blossomed zenith*—that were blossoming plentifully.

Sweep—swift current.

583. *Of wave*—of some stream that ran swiftly down to the sea.

584. *Ranged*—saw; looked carefully on all sides.

586. *A ship-wrecked sail*—a stranded sailor whose ship was lost and who eagerly waited to be taken away by another ship.

587. *No sail day*—day after day he did not see any boat.

588-590. *The sunrise east*—the sunrise sent the scarlet rays of the sun like so many arrows as they shone through

palm-trees, ferns and the precipices of the island and the rays also set ablaze the water of the sea in the east in the early morn.

592. *Then Heaven*—then he saw the stars in the night which shone in groups.

593. *The ocean*—the ocean which made a very loud sound as it struck in the gulfs or inlets.

594. *The scarlet sail*—then he would see again the sun-rays shooting like arrows through the palm-trees, ferns and precipices of that island, but he did not see any vessel.

NOTE.—In the above lines is contained a very graphic and *natural* description of the scenery of the tropical island in which Enoch lay stranded owing to shipwreck. It gives us a very clear perception of Nature of Tennyson and it enables us to appreciate the master-mind of the poet. By way of contrast we can just see how Goldsmith viewed Nature when he described the natural phenomena in a different perspective altogether in *The Traveller*.

"Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil."

597. *So still*—he was so very quiet or still or motionless while thinking over his home in England.

The golden lizard paused—that the golden-coloured lizard, which is so very frightened of the least motion, sat on him and waited.

598. *Phantom*—a vision.

598-599. *A phantom . . him*—a vision in which he saw many visions began to float before his mind's eye and remained there constantly.

600. *Known*—familiar to him.

601. *Far. line*—in a far-off island across the equator.

The line—equator.

607. *November . . downs*—the November mornings and the downs which became dark owing to thick dew.

608. *And the low. . seas*—and the sad sound that rose from the sea which wore a leaden appearance.

596-608. *Explanation*—There while Enoch often sat watching the boat in the sea he became so very motionless that even the golden lizard which is naturally a very timid animal sat on him and waited. He used to see before his mind's eye a vision which was made of many visions and it remained there constantly. Perhaps it was he himself who through his imaginings dwelt amongst the people, things and sights with which he was so very familiar in an island which was far away across the equator. He pictured to his mind things like his children he had left behind in his home, their fond cries, Annie, his own sweet home, the street that ascended on the hill in the port, the tall mill, the lanes that were enshrouded by leafy trees, the peacock carved out of the wood of yew-tree, the townhall that lay in a solitary quarter, the horse which he drove to the market, the boat he had sold away, the wintry mornings of November, the dawns that looked dark when heavy dew had fallen, the gentle shower, the smell of faded leaves, and the low resounding sound of the sea that wore a leaden appearance.

609. *In the ringing. ears*—he heard a ringing sound in his ears.

610. *Faintly*—softly.

611. *He heard. .bells*—he heard the sound of the bells of the church.

612. *Then. .up*—then though he did not know as to where those sounds of the bell came from, he jumped up from his seat.

613. *Shuddering*—greatly agitated.

The beauteous hateful isle—the beautiful island that he looked upon with bitter contempt as he was a prisoner there.

614-615. *Had That*—if his heart had not received inspiration from God.

618. *Surely solitude*—surely Enoch would have died of the feeling of loneliness.

NOTE.—Solitude is liked by some and disliked by others. Cowper seems to long for solitude when he says,

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled."

618. *Early silvering head*—Enoch's head which was getting grey-haired earlier than its time.

621. *And fields*—and to walk over the places which were so familiar and dear and sacred to him.

622. *Not perished*—had not gone away as yet from out of his mind.

622-623. *When end*—when his ill-fated solitary life suddenly was brought to an end.

624. *Blown winds*—driven by contrary winds.

625. *From course*—from her chalked-out route.

598-599. *A phantom . . him*—a vision in which he saw many visions began to float before his mind's eye and remained there constantly.

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622-623. *When end*—when his ill-fated solitary life suddenly was brought to an end.

624. *Blown winds*—driven by contrary winds.

625. *From course*—from her chalked-out route.

627. *Mate*—the officer who is second-in-command on board the ship.

628. *Across . . isle*—across an opening in the island that lay covered with mist.

629. *The silent . . hills*—the water of a stream that flowed quietly down a hill.

630. *Burst away*—rushed in all directions.

631. *Fount*—fountain.

632. *Clamour*—noise.

633. *Stept . solitary*—Enoch, who wore long hair and had a long beard and lived a lonely life, came down.

634. *Strangely clad*—dressed in a very queer manner.

635. *Idiotlike*—like a fool.

636. *With . . rage*—trying to give expression to his grief in faltering accents.

638. *To ran*—to the place where the stream of clear water was running down the hill.

639. *As . . crew*—and as he mixed more and more with the sailors of that ship.

640. *His . tongue*—his tongue which he had not been able to use for a long time for want of company.

641. *Was loosened*—began to work again.

Till . understand—till he was able to talk with them intelligently.

642. *Whom*—sailors.

Aboard—on board the ship.

643. *And . . brokenly*—and there he told the story of his life on sea in very broken language.

644. *Scarce-credited*—hardly believed by the sailors at first.

645. *Amazed*—greatly surprised to hear that story of his.

Melted. it—and every one who heard it was moved to pity.

646. *And home*—and so they gave him clothes as well as a free passage to his home.

647-648. *But oft him*—but very often he engaged himself in working with the sailors and thus got over his lonely feeling.

649. *Came country*—were his countrymen.

650. *Ought know*—anything that he desired to know about.

652. *The vessel sea-worthy*—the boat was hardly such as would do any voyage on sea.

653. *His fancy wind*—his thoughts were running before the wind.

655-657. *He like wall*—he appeared like a lover that was completely lost in his passion and so he sat inhaling the breeze of the morning that blew from the meadows of England across the walls of England (high cliffs surrounding the shores of southern England) that wore the appearance of ghosts. The cliffs surrounding the shores are made of chalk and so they appear as white as a ghost in the early morn when the gentle breeze blows.

659. *Levied themselves*—imposed upon themselves a subscription out of generosity.

660. *Pitying man*—moved by compassion on Enoch whom they found in such lonely state.

662. *Even before*—in the same port from where he had sailed away long long ago.

663. *There one*—there Enoch did not

word to any one. He was in desperate hurry to see his wi Annie and his children after such a long absence.

666. *Till . chasm*—till passing down the valley.

668. *Rolled . . gray*—slowly moved a mist from the se and made everything look white.

669. *Cut . . before*—he proceeded by a short-cut leavin the broad road away.

671. *Withered holt*—faded wood.

Tilth—tilled or ploughed ground.

Pasturage—meadows.

672. *Nigh-naked tree*—the bare tree that grew near by.

673. *Disconsolate*—uncomfortable; in a sad strain.

And through . haze—and through the mist out of which drops of water were falling.

674. *The dead . down*—the dead leaves which could not be supported by the trees were brought down by their heavy weight.

675. *Thicker . gloom*—the more densely did the water-drops fall the greater became the darkness.

676. *A great . light*—a great lamp that was made dim by mist which covered it up.

677. *Flared*—suddenly caught his eye.

NOTE.—In the above lines again, Tennyson has shown a very keen appreciation of the natural phenomena and his power to depict things in a very realistic style. It is this power of the poet that has earned him such significant approbation as is contained in the following extract from *A History of English Literature*.

"Nowhere is the scientific perception to which I have alluded, more clearly shown than here. No poet has ever been more sensitive to the varied loveliness of Nature; to the sensu-

ous glory of things. Nature's more august moods are better interpreted by Wordsworth; her ecstasies more subtly felt by Shelley; but the varying and complex spell of her multitudinous moods as a whole has found no finer artistic expression than is given us in the verse of Tennyson. Accurate observation and delicate poetic feeling are happily blended."

—*Compton-Rickett*

678. *Slowly stolen*—having come very stealthily.

679. *His heart calamity*—his heart was full of fears for his coming destiny.

680. *His eyes stones*—his eyes were fixed on the pavement. (A man in meditation or grief is always looking down).

683. *But there*—but he could see there neither light nor could he hear any sound.

684. *A bill drizzle*—he could see through the drizzle only a notice declaring that the house was for sale.

Crept—slowly moved away.

685. *Still me*—he was thinking with his eyes fixed on the pavement,

"Is Annie dead, or is she dead only to me?"

678-685. *Explanation*—Then he walked down the street very stealthily while his heart cherished the worst misgivings. He looked on the pavement as he walked and then he reached the house where he had lived with Annie in great love and enjoyed a happy life in those old days for full seven years and when he was blessed with children. But when he found neither the light of any lamp nor heard the voice of a human being—he only could see through the drizzle a notice hung up on the house stating that it was for sale—he slowly moved away from there and as he walked meditatively with

his eyes cast down he said to himself, "Is Annie dead? or is she dead to me alone?"

686. *Wharf*—sea-side.

687. *Seeking . knew*—trying to find out an inn with which he was very familiar in those old days of his life in the port.

688. *Timber . . antiquity*—very old as its front was made of two pieces of timber put across each other.

689. *Propt*—so bolstered up; supported.

Ruinously old—in a very dilapidated condition.

690. *He*—the old master of the tavern.

692. *Daily-dwindling*—decreasing every day.

693. *Haunt*—a resort.

Brawling—noisy; talkative.

694. *Stiller*—so quiet that it made people quiet who came there.

695. *There . days*—there Enoch quietly spent many days.

696. *Garrulous*—talkative.

697. *Nor . be*—she would not let him remain quie

But . in—but she often disturbed him.

698. *With other . . port*—along with other events of port.

699. *Not knowing*—she did not recognise Enoch.

So . bowed—Enoch's skin had become so very brown iving in that tropical island for such a long time and rief had made him bent.

700. *So broken*—so very destitute; so very down an t in appearance.

All . . house—all the events connected with his own housc

701. *Her poverty*—how Annie became poorer and poorer.

703. *His long her*—how he courted her for a long time.

704. *Her consent*—how Annie gradually gave her consent to marry Philip.

705-706. *Over motion*—while Enoch heard it all his face did not show the slightest emotion whatsoever.

707-708. *Well teller*—would have considered easily enough that when the story was being told with all its tragic happenings, the teller felt more moved by the circumstances of Annie than the listener; any one would have easily said that the story moved Miriam Lane more than Philip.

708. *Closed*—finished the story.

709. *Enoch lost*—poor old Enoch was thrown in the sea and died.

710. *Pathetically*—sadly.

711. *Muttering*—talking to himself in a very inaudible tone.

712. *Again lost*—again he said to himself with a deeper feeling "Enoch was lost".

696-712. *Explanation*—But Miriam Lane was a good and talkative woman. She would not let Enoch remain alone but disturbed him too often. She told him, along with the other events of the port, the story of his own house as she did not recognise Enoch who had grown brown by living in a tropical island for so long and who was quite bent with grief and loneliness. She told him how his sick child died, how Annie became poorer and poorer every day, how Philip put the children of Enoch in a school, how then he helped to educate them, how he started courting her, how Annie slowly agreed to mar

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700. *So broken*—so very destitute; so very down and out in appearance.

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him, how the marriage took place and how Philip had a child from Annie. While Miriam Lane was telling this story to Enoch, there was not the slightest emotion passing over his face. He listened to it all very quietly. In fact, if that attitude of Enoch be properly considered, anyone who had seen him then would easily have thought that even Miriam Lane, who was telling the story, was more moved by the tragic and sad events of the house of Enoch than the latter (Enoch). It was only when the story ended and Miriam Lane said, "Poor old Enoch was thrown in the sea and was sunk," that Enoch shook his grey head in deep sadness and repeated her words to himself in half audible tone, "Enoch was thrown in the sea and was sunk." And, again, he said to himself with a deeper feeling of sadness, "Enoch was lost".

713. *Yearned*—longed to see.

715-716. *The thought . him*—the thought, "If I might look on her sweet face again and know that she is happy," tormented the heart of Enoch very much.

716. *Drove forth*—forced him to go out and see Annie.

719. *Gazing*—looking carefully.

720. *There . him*—there a thousand recollections of the past life flashed past his mind.

721. *Unspeakable sadness*—too sad to be described in words.

722. *The ruddy light*—the red light that lit the square and that appeared so very comfortable to Enoch. In cold countries the sight of blazing fire or light appears soothing.

723. *Far-blazing*—its light spreading far.

724. *Allured him*—tempted him most.

As the allures—as the fire from the light-house tempts the birds flying over the sea.

726-727. *Till life*—until the bird madly strikes itself against the glass of the lantern of the lighthouse and thus destroys its life.

NOTE.—The analogy here is very apt and true and charming. The light coming from the house of Philip tempted Enoch most strongly as he was longing to see Annie to fulfil *his wish, "If I might look on her sweet face again and know* that she is happy", and it was comparable only to the mad wish of the bird of passage which is allured by the strong light of the lighthouse. And just as the light from the lighthouse only costs the "bird of passage" its life in the end, so also the things that Enoch was to see in Philip's home cost him his life ultimately.

726. *Dwelling*—house.

727. *Landward*—towards the land.

730. *Flourished walled*—there grew a garden that was in a walled square which was very flourishing.

731. *And evergreen*—and in that garden flourished an evergreen tree.

733. *Of shingle*—of pebbles gathered from the sea-shore.

734. *Shunned*—avoided.

736. *That shunned*—the things that he should have better avoided to see.

736-737. *If better*—if it may be imagined that he could have become unhappy. The grief of Enoch was so great that it cannot be said that he would have grown by seeing the things in Philip's house. The idea i Enoch's present state was so very disheartening—havi

Annie and his sweet children—that it cannot be said that he would have grown worse from what he was already.

738. *Silver*—things made of silver.

Burnished—polished bright.

Board—table; cupboard.

739. *Sparkled shone*—showed themselves very brightly.

So genial was the hearth—so happy were they all, sitting as they did round the merry fire.

740. *Hearth*—fireplace.

741. *The times*—the lover who was contemptuously neglected in days of old; the gilted lover of days gone by.

742. *Second father*—adopted father; Philip.

Stoopt—bent down.

743. *A later Annie*—a girl that looked younger than Annie Lee but far taller than she was.

745. *Dangled ring*—hung a little ribbon to which was tied a ring.

746. *To tempt the babe*—to attract the newly-born child of Philip.

Who arms—who lifted up its little arms that looked creasy as they were very fat and healthy.

747. *Caught laughed*—that baby everytime tried to reach the ring and everytime it missed and thus it made them all laugh heartily.

750. *The mother babe*—the mother (Annie) often looking up to her child.

753. *And smiled*—and she was saying something to him which delighted him as he was seen smiling.

NOTE.—The picture of a happy home as given above by Tennyson is exceedingly charming and true. He has shown therein all the joys of a well-regulated happy home. Dryden has well said about the charms of a home,

> "What can be sweeter than our native home!
> Thither for ease and soft repose we come:
> *Home is the sacred refuge of our life:*
> Secured from all approaches but a wife."

754. *Now beheld*—now when Enoch, who [illegible] like one thunderstruck for a time, came back to his [illegible] senses.

755. *His wife more*—his wife (Annie) was [illegible] his wife.

757. *And happiness*—and all the [illegible] peace.

759. *And him*—and Philip.

Reigning in his pl[illegible] was the master of the [illegible] rightfully to Enoch.

760. *Lord lov*[illegible] of the rights of Enoch [illegible] children.

762. *Because h*[illegible] to the mind by seeing [illegible] gained only by hearing [illegible]

763. *Staggered a*[illegible] shoes.

764. *To cry*—[illegible]

765. *Like door*[illegible]

766. *Would be*[illegible] to all the happiness of [illegible] completely the joy and [illegible]

NOTE.—Philip's house in all its jollity and mirth gave a rude shock to Enoch who felt himself like one whose all rights have been taken away, nay, who had been deprived of his dearest and nearest objects. So it was the moment of supreme trial in the life of Enoch. If Enoch had given way to human weakness which nearly broke him under its weight he would not have been the hero of the story as he is. He is the symbol of sacrifice. He sacrificed the joys of his life so that his beloved Annie may live and enjoy the amenities of life without let or hindrance. Here we get an insight into the soul of Tennyson himself. He shunned fun and frivolity. To him the life was an ordered thing and not a freak of fancy. Sacrifice was to be the salt of life, or as he said himself at one place,

"Self-knowledge, self-reliance and self-control,
These alone three lead life to sovereign power."

754-766. *Explanation*—Now when Enoch, who at one time appeared like a dead person owing to the shock he had received from the sights of the merry house of Philip, was restored to his normal senses he found his wife (Annie) no longer his wife and the child of Annie (which she had from Philip). He saw also the joy, peace and cheerfulness that abounded there. His own children had grown tall and beautiful. He also saw Philip who was then the master of the household in the place of Enoch and thus had usurped all his (Enoch's) rights and had even won the affection of his children. Then Enoch, though he had heard everything from Miriam Lane, fainted and trembled because the impression that one gets by actually seeing a thing is far more powerful than what one gets through the ear. He held the branch of yew-tree and felt greatly afraid lest he may give out a shrill painful cry which like, the wind of misfortune, would have spelt complete ruin to the happy home of Philip.

768. *Harsh thingle*—the harsh sound of the foot-steps on the pebbles that lay scattered on the walk in the garden.

769. *And u all*—and finding his way out through feeling the garden-wall.

770. *Swoon*—faint; stagger.

Tumble—fall down.

And be found—and discovered.

771. *Crept to the gate*—moved silently towards the gate (that opened on the waste).

772. *As. chamber*—he closed the gate of the garden as if it was the door of the room of a sick person.

774-776. *Explanation—And .prayed*—and there he would have knelt down in prayer, but he found that his knees had lost all their strength. So he lay himself down on the ground prostrate and he put his fingers fixedly in the wet earth and there he prayed.

Feeble—weak.

Prone—prostrate; lengthwise.

777. *Too thence?*—it is now simply unbearable. Oh, my legs, why did you at all take me to the house of Philip?

778. *Blessed saviour*—gracious Providence.

779. *Thou. isle*—you sustained me in that solitary island.

780. *Uphold me*—strengthen and sustain me.

Loneliness—in my very solitary state of life. Now that I have none whom I can call my own, Thou save me and strengthen me.

783. *Help peace*—oh, God, help me so that I may never disturb her (Annie) in her peaceful life.

784. *They knew me not*—they hardly recognised me.

I should . . myself—I should be untrue to myself.

777-787. *Explanation*—"It is simply unbearable. Why did at all my legs carry me to Philip's house? O God Almighty, Gracious Providence, since Thou saved me and sustained me in that absolutely solitary island, help me for a little time longer in this state of unbearable solitude. Help me, strengthen me so that I may never tell her the story of my life. Help me so I may have sufficient strength not to disturb her in her happy life. May I not tell that to my children too! I must not speak to them as well. They hardly recognised me. I should be untrue to myself in doing so (in revealing my identity to my wife or children). I will never do that. I will now deny myself the kisses that a father enjoys from his children, particularly, I shall not be kissed by that sweet girl of mine who is so very like her mother, and from my dear son."

788. *There little*—at that moment Enoch lost for a moment his power of speech, his power of thinking and his normal spirits.

789. *And tranced*—and he lay there as if he was a trance.

790. *Solitary home*—the tavern of Miriam Lane whc he had none of his own kith and kin to idle away his tedio ours.

792. *Beating brain*—constantly knocking it against h eary mind.

793. *As song*—as if it was the refrain of a song.

794. *Not know*—"I must not reveal my identity tc nnie; I must not tell her anything about myself."

795. *He unhappy*—he was not altogether unhappy his mind (since he had done an act of great sacrifice).

Resolve—determination.

796. *Upbore him*—sustained him; kept him alive.

Firm faith—his unshakable faith in the righteousness of his resolve.

797. *His will*—the prayer that Enoch constantly brought out from his determined heart.

798. *And .world*—which still rose from his heart though he had lost all interest, all joy in the world around him.

799. *Like .sea*—just like a fountain of fresh water rising from amidst the sea which is full of salt water.

800. *Kept. soul*—kept him alive.

Note.—Tennyson is a great believer in the power of prayer in enriching and spiritualising the life of man. Prayer seems to him as the best instrument of lifting a man from the mire of distrust, human weakness, suspicion and all worldly calamities. It helps one to keep in direct touch with God Almighty whom he truly describes as Blessed Saviour. His ideas coincide very much with the idealistic way of thinking of a famous Scottish poet, Burns who said,

"Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing",
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

802. *Has lives*—has she no fear that perhaps her first husband may still be alive?

803. *Fear enow*—she has quite enough fear of that. This was said by Miriam Lane in quite an ironical way meaning just the opposite of what she said.

804-805. *If . comfort*—if only you could give her the news that you saw her husband (Enoch) dying with your own eyes, she will be supremely happy.

806. *After . .know*—after God has called me away to His home, Annie will know all the story of my life.

807. *I wait time*—I will live just so long as God desires me to live.

NOTE.—Here is a puritanic note in the words of Tennyson. Milton was undoubtedly the greatest exponent of Puritanic thought which finds a place very often in Tennyson's verse. Compare the meek spirit of Enoch to live in distress as long as God wills with the idealism of Milton when he lost his sight,

"God doth not need
Either man's works or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

807. *And Enoch set himself*—and Enoch set himself to ork.

808. *Scorning an alms*—looking with contempt on the :ggar's life.

809. *Almost . hand*—whatever trade he lay his hand on he earned money.

810. *Cooper*—a supplier of liquor to sailors.

Wrought—worked.

812. *At lading . barks*—loading and unloading the big boats.

813. *Stinted commerce*—the trade that had decreased very much in those days.

814. *Thus ... himself*—thus he was earning a meagre living for himself.

815. *Yet ... himself*—still because he used to work to maintain himself alone.

816. *Work ... hope*—it was a work without any ambition.

There ... it—he did not feel the least enthusiasm.

817. *Whereby ... live*—by which Enoch could live.

NOTE.—The charms of hope are dearest to the human heart. No human being, unless it be a saint or some divinely gifted person, could live without hope. Hope sustains the man when he is thrown into worst circumstances of life. If you kill the hope of a man, you kill him altogether. Thus does Campbell sing of Hope,

> "Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
> Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
> Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
> The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower:
> There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
> What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
> What viewless forms the Aeolian organ play,
> And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away."

817-819. *And as ... returned*—and when one year was over since the day that Enoch had returned home.

A langour came—he fell ill.

820. *Gentle sickness*—slowly spreading disease.

821-822. *Weakening ... bed*—making Enoch so weak that at last he could do none of his work and gradually kept to his house, his chair and his bed.

823. *And . cheerfully*—and Enoch, all this time, suffered his troubles with a glad heart.

824. *Gladlier*—with greater happiness.

Stranded wreck—people floating in the sea after the ship has been wrecked.

825. *Gray skirts*—white foam.

Lifting squall—raging storm.

826. *The boat . . hope*—the boat that promises life.

827. *To save . . of*—to save the life which seemed hopeless at one time.

828. *Death dawning on him*—death coming nearer and nearer to him.

And the close of all—and the end of all the miseries of his life.

824-828. *Explanation*—For, certain it is, that the people, lying stranded in the sea after the shipwreck, did not look on a boat—that brought them promise of saving their lives which they had at one time totally dispaired of—with a greater joy than what Enoch experienced when he saw his death approaching him and which promised to put an end to all the miseries of his life.

829. *Dawning*—approach of death.

Gleamed—shone.

A kindlier hope—an inspiring idea.

830-831. *"After . . last"*—when I am dead Annie will at least know that I loved her till my last breath.

833. *Swear*—take an oath.

834. *Swear upon the book*—take an oath on the sacred Bible.

835. *Reveal*—tell other people.

836. *Clamoured*—shrieked.

Hear talk—just fancy what he is talking!

837. *Warrant*—I guarantee.

I warrant round—I assure you that I will get you perfectly restored to your health.

838. *Sternly*—in a commanding tone.

839. *Half-frighted*—half-scared.

840. *Gray eyes*—white eyes; bloodless eyes.

842. *I knew away*—I knew him very well.

843. *I mind street*—I clearly remember him coming down the street.

849. *A half-incredulous*—hardly believing what Enoch said.

Half-hysterical—because she was perfectly scared or frightened.

852. *My God am*—my God has made me as low as I am.

853. *My grief broken me*—my sorrow and my solitary life have utterly crushed me under their weight; I have been completely broken down by my sorrow and by my extreamly solitary life.

855. *But, changed*—but the name of Annie Lee has been changed twice ever since. First she was my wife and she had to call herself Mrs. Arden and now she has again changed her name and is called Mrs. Ray.

857-860. *Then kept it*—then Enoch told Miriam Lane how he undertook his voyage to China, how his ship broke, how he led an extremely lonely life in that island, how he came back, how he peeped in the house of Philip where Annie lived, how he determined not to reveal his identity to any one, and how he stuck to his determination.

861. *Fast . . tears*—tears rolled down her eyes because she was by nature tender and gentle-hearted.

862. *She incessantly*—she longed constantly as she heard the story.

863. *To rush . haven*—to go rushing to all the people who lived in that port and tell them.

864. *Proclaiming . woes*—telling everybody how Enoch lived and suffered.

865. *But forbore*—but she did not do so because she felt afraid and also bound by the oath she had taken at the instance of Enoch.

866. *See go*—you must surely see your family before you die.

867. *Let them*—let me bring here your wife and children.

868. *For Enoch hung*—because Enoch began to think on those words of Miriam Lane.

Note.—This is veritably the most fascinating episode in the theme of the poem. It is here that Enoch's supreme sacrifice and his adamant will to abide by his resolve is brought forth into its brightest glory. The character and sweet temperament of Miriam Lane too is nowhere more daintily depicted or charms the reader in a more forceful manner. Tennyson's own idealistic way of thinking is clearly manifested and there is nothing but deepest reverance and admiration and sympathy for both the characters of the story in the mind of the reader. Lines like the above speak more significantly of the art of Tennyson in revealing to us the spiritual values of life than all the commentaries written about his life and works.

870. *At the last*—on the eve of my departure to the abode of God.

871. *But die*—but let me stick fast to my sacred resolve until I pass away.

872. *Mark me*—observe me.

873. *I charge you now*—now I entrust you with a work.

876. *Save us*—except for the fact that a barrier stood between her and me.

876-877. *Loving my own*—I loved her till I died just as ardently as I did when she first gave me her love and put her head near my own.

879-880. *My .her*—that in the very last moments of my life I was blessing her and praying for her.

883. *He good*—he never intended to do us anything but good.

886. *But come*—but Annie should not come to see me.

887. *For life*—because if she sees my face when I am dead, she will always remember it and her life would become a misery.

NOTE.—Enoch has shown a lofty desire to live up to the highest principles of Sacrifice and Service according to Christian doctrines till the very end of his earthly existence.

888. *But blood*—one of my blood; his sick child who was dead.

889. *Who world-to-be*—who will meet me in the coming world.

890. *This it*—this curl belongs to that sick child of mine who is no more. Annie gave me this curl of that child when I set out on my voyage to China.

891. *And. grave*—and I have always kept it till this moment of my passing away.

894. *My babe . . bliss*—my child in perfect happiness of heaven.

895. *For . . her*—it may give her some consolation; it may cheer her up.

896-897. *Moreover . . he*—besides it will be a sign to convince her that I am Enoch Arden and no other.

896. *He ceased*—he ceased to talk.

897. *A voluble answer*—a fluent answer; she spoke to him very quickly.

900. *Repeating . . wished*—he said it all again.

And promised—and once again she promised to carry out his wishes. Enoch wished to be certain that Miriam Lane will do all that he had asked her to do. Since she was a "woman, good and *garrulous*", he had entertained some slight suspicion whether she will do it all only by being told once. This also shows the deep and sincere love that Enoch bore to every member of his family and to Philip.

901. *Then this*—the Christians keep the dead body for three days before burying it.

902. *Slumbered*—slept.

903. *And Miriam intervals*—and during that time sometimes Miriam watched his dead body and sometimes she felt so tired waking all time that she dozed for a little while at intervals.

904. *Then . sea*—then there came a fierce sound from the sea.

905. *That . rang*—that sound made all the houses of that port echo with its noise.

906. *He woke*—Enoch rose from his bed.

He spread . . abroad—he held his arms outstretched. This was in token of the Christian belief that Enoch's soul had

sought benediction from God Almighty and that was granted him.

907. *A sail sail*—I am sailing away, I am sailing away.

908. *I am saved*—I have been granted redemption or salvation.

900-907. *Explanation*—then the third night after this had happened there came a terrible noise from the sea while Enoch was lying in a motionless and pale condition and Miriam Lane was spending her time either watching Enoch or dozing owing to excessive fatigue and wakefulness. That sound from the sea resounded in every house of the port. Enoch then rose from his bed and he spread his arms and cried, "I am sailing away. I am sailing away. God has granted me redemption." Then he fell on his bed once more and became speechless for ever.

909. *Heröic soul*—the brave soul of Enoch.

910-911. *And funeral*—and when they buried him in the port there was such a grand funeral that the like of that was never seen before.

To Enoch, surely, his death came as a thing of joy inexplicable or as Shakespeare said,

"My joy is death;—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wished this world's eternity."

Model Questions and Answers

A.—On Tennyson

Q. 1. What was Tennyson's general outlook on life?

A. See Introduction "His outlook on life".

Q. 2. What was Tennyson's attitude towards Nature?

A. See Introduction "His attitude towards Nature".

Q. 3. What general ideas of love of the poet do you gather from Enoch Arden?

A. See Introduction "His ideas on love".

Q. 4. Was Tennyson successful as a dramatist?

A. See Introduction "His moderate success as a dramatist—Reasons."

Q. 5. What is Tennyson's place in the literary world? Discuss the importance of his works.

A. See Introduction "The value of his works".

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B.—On Enoch Arden

Q. 1. Why is Enoch Arden the hero of the poem? Discuss the salient points about his character.

A. Enoch Arden is the hero of the play for reasons more than one. Firstly, his is a life of victory from begining to end. At first he wins success in the material sphere of his life by winning the love of Annie Lee and then gathering enough money and means to make her ideally happy. Secondly, he wins success in a more glorious field, the sphere of spiritual life, when he conquers his bestial instincts of selfish pleasure and comfort and allows his lady-love, Annie Lee, to have undiluted joy by keeping his identity a secret until the very hour of death. Enoch is an ideal man according to the standards of conduct as revealed in the writings of the poet. He lives on prayer. His faith in God does

neither bend nor break. That saved him in his solitary life in the island where he lay stranded. That sustained him in his last fiery ordeal in life when he displayed the supreme courage and a very fine and lofty sense of sacrifice. If he lived he lived for the cause of truth, devotion, and sacrifice. And if he died he died for the weal of his lady-love, Annie Lee. Selfishness had no place in his being.

Q. 2. What are the outstanding attributes of the character of Philip Ray?

A. Philip Ray stands out second to Enoch Arden alone in his manly virtues displayed in the poem. He is tender in his sympathies, gracious in his temperament, affectionate and sincere as a friend, extremely sensitive to all the instincts that make for civilised ordered life, and possesses a very noble and human heart. It was because Philip possessed such winning and human attributes that Enoch Arden was enabled to do a wonderful act of sacrifice both for his sake and for the sake of Annie Lee. Philip had abundantly impressed Enoch by his goodness, sympathy and willingness to help Annie out of her despicable state of poverty. He also possessed a very generous spirit which forgot the wrong done when the individual who had done it was in misery or pain.

Q. 3. Discuss the significance of the words of Annie Lee, "I would be little wife to both", and dwell upon her character in the poem.

A. In fact, the theme of the poem hinges round this expression of Annie Lee wherein she said that she would be little wife to both. In those words was contained a prophetic utterance. The first part of the poem is occupied by the events of Annie Lee's life while she lived as a devoted wife of Enoch and the second part of the poem contains simply the incidents as they occur while she is the wife of Philip Ray. Her love is blended with sentiments of service and sacrifice, which is the one criterion of Tennyson to test whe-

ther love is real or fictitious. She is very emotional. She could not walk a step further, when, in company of her children and Philip, she saw the spot where she had once fallen in love with Enoch Arden. She is extremely loyal as she obeyed her husband strictly by carrying on the ruinous trade just to please his fancy on his return home. She is truly described as "sweet innocent". She is sweet and yet innocent. Sweetness and innocence are seldom found together. Annie had both and so she looks more a celestial figure than an ordinary woman.

She was so very devoted to Enoch that she would have Philip wait for another six months after the promised year had rolled away and the hazel-nuts were ripe again. Her faith in God was of a very magnificent and sublime sort. She may have been misled but she did look to spiritual objects to give her the indication if Enoch lived or had gone to the region of Eternity. She made an ideal wife both to Enoch and Philip. In fine, Annie Lee is a character in the poem which, above everything else, has made it very dignified, glorious and divine in all its appearance. She is the symbol of love that is sustained on the two pillars, Service and Sacrifice.

Q. 4. What do you know of Miriam Lane?

A. Tennyson has truly described Miriam Lane as a woman who was "good and garrulous". She was very simple and helpful in her nature. In her Enoch found his best friend in his desperately lonely plight. She treated him with great motherly affection and seemed scared to death when, after administering her an oath on the Bible, Enoch revealed his identity. There is a touch of fine skill when in the closing scene Tennyson makes her appear so that she talks very fluently to Enoch promising him to do all he wished her to do. The fluency of speech makes Enoch a little suspicious if she will convey his messages to Annie, his daughter,

his son, and Philip Ray correctly and so he opens his "gray eyes" once again and repeats what he had told before. That a man so God-fearing, so sacrificing, so truthful and humble as Enoch found Miriam Lane a fit instrument to convey his death-bed messages to the members of his family is the finest compliment that could be found for the character of Miriam Lane.

Q. 5. Paraphrase the following:

A.

"But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
. . clamber'd toward the mill."

A. See Paraphrase of Lines 37-60.

B.

"So now the shadow of mischance appear'd
among his own."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 128-147.

C.

"Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
. of silent melancholy."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 244-259.

D.

"Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
you know."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 395-418.

E.

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
. but no sail."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 568-595.

F.

"But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
. . weary life."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 713-726.

G.

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
. . . . .close of all."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 795-828.

H.

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
. . . .
That I am he."

A. See Paraphrase Lines 870-897.

6. Give the gist of the theme of the poem, "Enoch Arden."

A. See Preface.

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